

# INVADER ZIM

VOLUME 10



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illustration by **WARREN WUCINICH**

# INVADER ZIM™

## VOLUME 10

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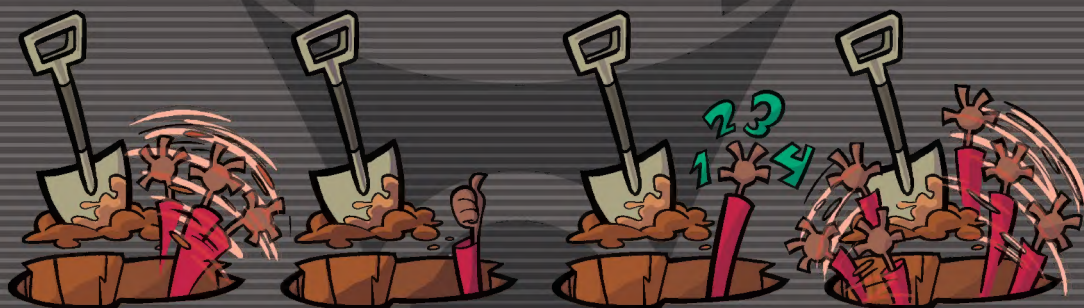


## CHAPTER: 1

illustration by **MADDIE C.** with **FRED C. STRESING**



HEY! It's Recap Kid, talking to you from a hole in the ground! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! We got a lot to cover, and NO I DIDN'T DIG THE HOLE MYSELF. HAHA! Why would I DO that??? Okay, last issue, it was Lil' Meat Man! That was the name of ZIM's fake meat baby! Just the baby was fake, not the meat! Probably! Because ZIM likes real meat, like that time in issue #36 when he gave out steaks for Halloween instead of candy! WHICH I THEN STARTED DOING ALSO! NO, THE MEAT IS NOT IN THE HOLE WITH ME, I told you not to worry about it! STILL IN THE HOLE, AND STILL RECAPPING! Our NEXT issue, which is this one right HERE, is the start of a BIG STORY! Remember when ZIM found out about VIROOZ? That was FOUR ISSUES! Now there's another thing ZIM's gonna find out about... AND IT'S GONNA BE FOUR ISSUES AGAIN! Now START READING while I climb out of this hole! I SAID DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!



Recap Kid illustrated by **MADDIE C.**,  
colored by **FRED C. STRESING**, and  
lettered by **WARREN WUCINICH**

AHA-  
HAHAHA!

YES, RUN!  
RUN FROM THE  
ULTIMATE BRINGER  
OF YOUR ULTIMATE  
DOOM...

...CAR-  
NIVORE!

HEEEEEYYYYY!!!

AAAAA.A.A.A.A!!!

YOU FOOLISH  
HUMANS... ONLY USING  
THESE SO-CALLED "AUTOMOBILES"  
TO DRIVE YOUR STUPID MEAT  
BODIES AROUND.

MY SUPERIOR  
BRAIN KNEW BETTER!  
I UNLOCKED THEIR *TRUE*  
POTENTIAL! I SAW THEIR  
*TRUE* PURPOSE!

YOU KNOW  
WE *BUILD* CARS  
*SPECIFICALLY* TO  
DRIVE AROUND IN,  
RIGHT?

HOW IS  
BEING PART OF A  
*GIANT ROBOT MONSTER*  
THEIR "TRUE PURPOSE"? THE  
WHEELS AREN'T EVEN  
DOING ANYTHING!

LIES!  
THEY'RE DOING  
*EVERYTHING!* THEY'RE  
THE MOST IMPORTANT  
PART!

SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK









GRR.  
YOU LOUSY HUNK OF  
MOSTLY HUMAN GARBAGE!  
OBEY ME! OBEY  
ZIM!

NO, DON'T!  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
OBEY ZIM! SO YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO EAT  
ME, RIGHT?

CAR-NIVORE  
EXISTS TO  
DESTROY

CAR-NIVORE  
DESTROYS  
TO EXIST

DICHOTOMY IS AT  
THE CENTER OF  
CAR-NIVORE'S-

TNT

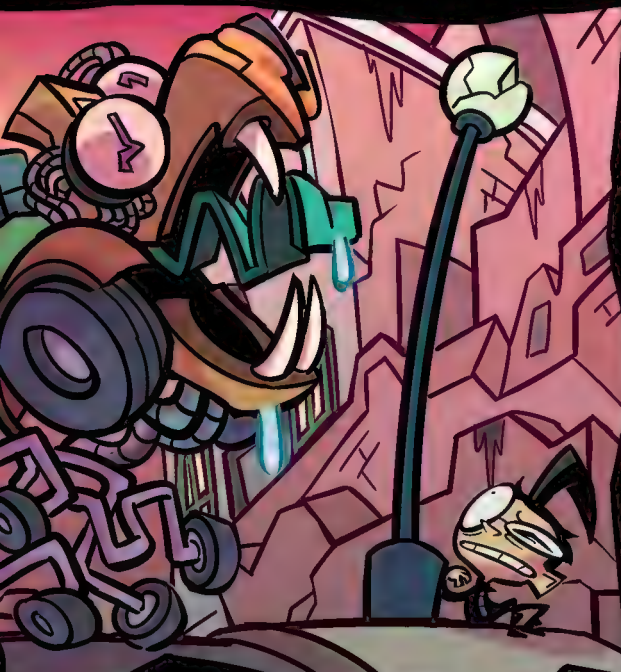
WEEWEE



WEEWEE

ZIM





NOOOOOOOOOO!

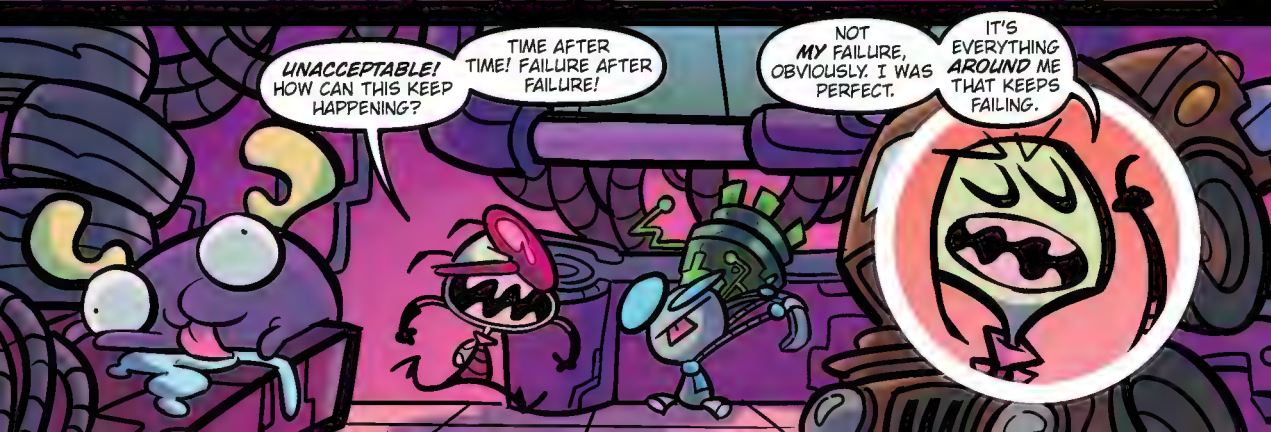
FINE! YOU MAY HAVE WON *THIS* ROUND, HUMAN. BUT DON'T GET TOO SMUG ABOUT IT!

A CAR... ALMOST ATE ME...



YES, YES, *RUB IT IN*. CURSE YOU!

TEETH... SO MANY TEETH...



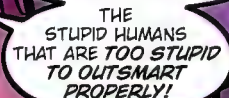
UNACCEPTABLE! HOW CAN THIS KEEP HAPPENING?

TIME AFTER TIME! FAILURE AFTER FAILURE!

NOT MY FAILURE, OBVIOUSLY. I WAS PERFECT.

IT'S EVERYTHING AROUND ME THAT KEEPS FAILING.







IRKEN DISTRESS SIGNAL  
DETECTED IN ATLANTIC  
OCEAN. DISPLAYING  
COORDINATES.

ANOTHER IRKEN?  
ON EARTH? *BESIDES*  
ZIM?? IMPOSSIBLE! THAT  
COULD NEVER HAPPEN!

WHAT  
'BOUT TAK?

SKOODGE?

THOOB?

WHO?

WAS  
HE?

OF  
COURSE.

NONE  
OF US WILL  
EVER FORGET  
THOOB.

THOOB  
GONE BUT  
NOT FORGOTTEN

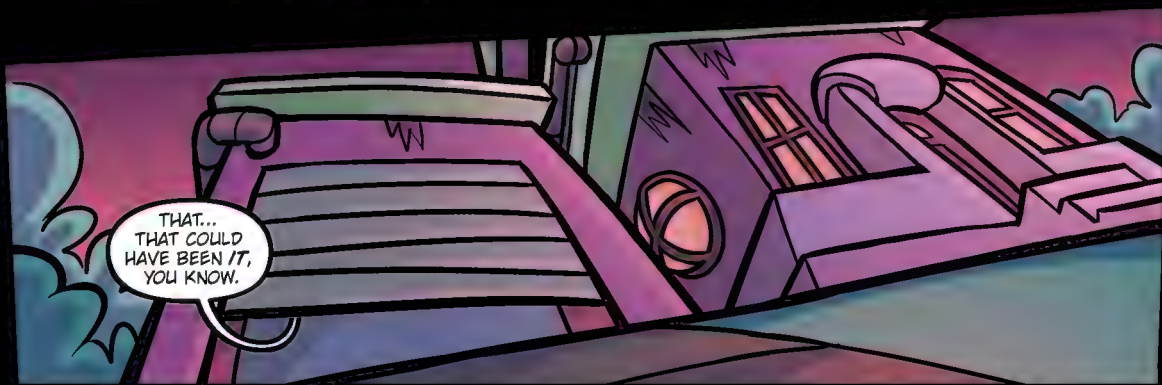
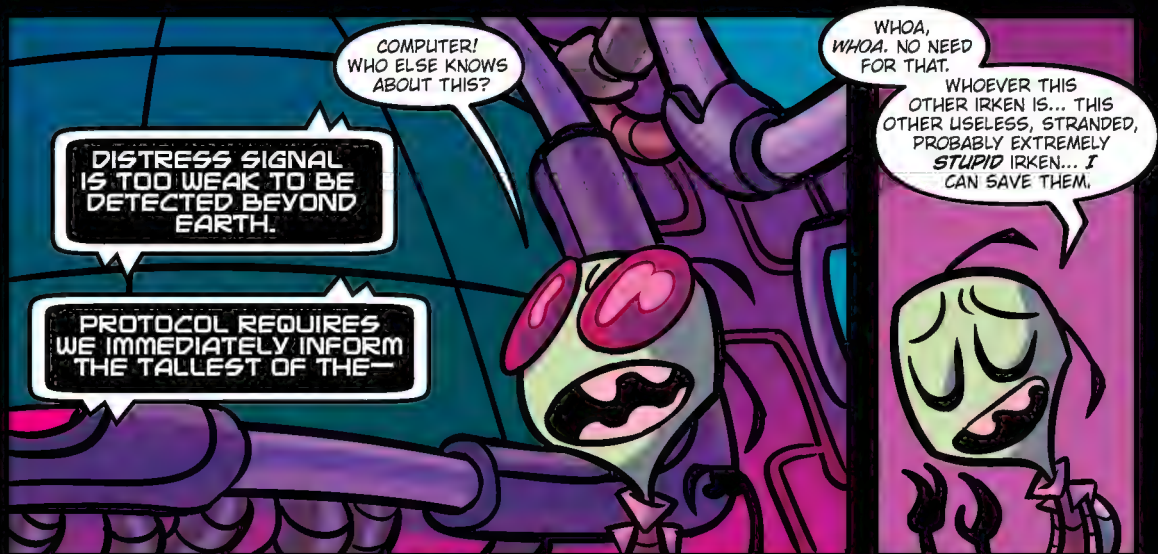
BUT THIS IS  
DIFFERENT. AN *IKREN*  
DISTRESS SIGNAL?  
DID THEY CRASH?

WHY  
WOULD ANOTHER  
IRKEN BE HERE AT  
ALL? DID THE TALLEST SEND  
THEM? THEY WOULDN'T HAVE  
SENT ANOTHER *INVADER*,  
WOULD THEY?

YELEPHANT

\*THOOB FIRST APPEARED IN  
INVADER ZIM #46, PAGE 6 -ED







I WAS  
ALMOST FINISHED.  
IT WAS *THIS* CLOSE.  
ZIM COULD HAVE  
WON.

OH, PLEASE.

NONE OF ZIM'S  
PLANS EVER WORK.  
HE'S TOO STUPID.

YOU'RE ONLY  
THREATENED BY  
HIM BECAUSE YOU'RE  
EVEN **STUPIDER.**

HEY! ZIM IS  
A **SERIOUS** THREAT.  
HE'S DANGEROUS AND  
UNPREDICTABLE! HE HAS  
ACCESS TO TECHNOLOGY  
LIKE **NOTHING ELSE**  
ON EARTH.

TRUST ME. IF AN  
ACTUAL **COMPETENT**  
INVADER WAS HERE,  
THINGS WOULD BE  
**VERY DIFFERENT.**

ANOTHER IRKEN?  
I DON'T EVEN WANT  
TO *THINK* ABOUT WHAT  
IT WOULD BE LIKE IF  
THERE WERE MORE  
THAN—

IRKEN DISTRESS  
SIGNAL DETECTED IN  
ATLANTIC OCEAN.

...WHAT?

IRKEN DISTRESS  
SIGNAL DETECTED IN  
ATLANTIC OCEAN.

IRKEN?!?  
WHERE?!?

DISPLAYING  
COORDINATES.

Bip!







APPROACHING  
COORDINATES NOW.

COMPUTER,  
WHY IS IT LIKE THAT?  
WHAT'S ALL THAT...  
WOOSHY STUFF?

...WEATHER?

\*UGH,\* OF COURSE.  
THIS DUMB PLANET IS  
ALWAYS HAVING SOME  
SORT OF DISGUSTING  
BREAKOUT.

ANY SIGN OF  
OTHER IRKENS?  
AN IRKEN SHIP,  
MAYBE?

I SEE  
ONE!

WHAT?!?  
THE DIB-HUMAN?!?

TURN AROUND,  
ZIM! THE ONLY IRKEN  
YOUR GOING TO FIND  
TODAY IS *YOURSELF*.

BECAUSE  
YOU'LL BE DOING  
SOME SOUL-  
SEARCHING.

WHEN...  
WHEN I DEFEAT  
YOU SO BAD.

SHIP,  
FOLLOW  
HIM!

UNADVISABLE. AS MUCH AS I  
ENJOY TAKING EVERY OPPORTUNITY  
TO PUT YOUR STUPID MEAT BODY IN  
LIFE-THREATENING SITUATIONS, I'M  
PICKING UP SOME *VERY* UNUSUAL  
ENERGY READINGS FROM INSIDE  
THAT STORM THAT COULD  
POSSIBLY DAMAGE ME.

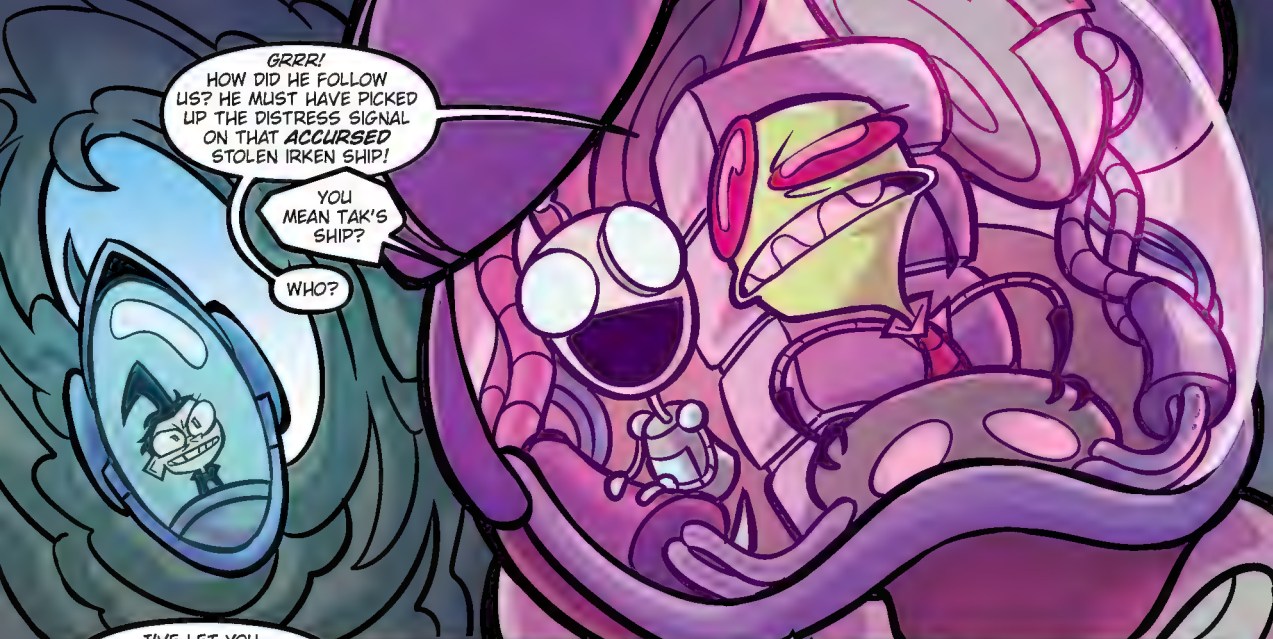
BUT THAT'S  
WHERE ZIM IS GOING.  
SO THAT'S WHERE  
WE'RE GOING.

\*UGH\*... AND IF ZIM  
FLEW INTO THE SUN.  
WOULD YOU DO THAT  
TOO?

IS ZIM  
TRYING TO FLY INTO  
THE SUN? WHY WOULD HE  
DO THAT? WHAT DOES HE  
STAND TO GAIN? IS THERE  
ANY WAY WE COULD  
BEAT HIM TO—

I HATE  
BOTH OF YOU  
SO MUCH.





GRRR!  
HOW DID HE FOLLOW  
US? HE MUST HAVE PICKED  
UP THE DISTRESS SIGNAL  
ON THAT ACCURSED  
STOLEN IRKEN SHIP!

YOU  
MEAN TAK'S  
SHIP?

WHO?

I'VE LET YOU  
SULLY IRKEN HARDWARE  
WITH YOUR GROSS SAUSAGE  
FINGERS FOR LONG ENOUGH,  
DIB. PREPARE TO BE  
VAPORIZED!

WEAPONS FAILURE.  
SYSTEMS JAMMED.

UNKNOWN ENERGY  
IN-INTERFERING  
WITH S-S-SYSTEMS

WHAT?!?  
BUT I TOLD DIB TO  
PREPARE! HE'S GETTING  
ALL PREPARED FOR  
NOTHING!

WE MUST  
HAVE SOMETHING  
I CAN HIT HIM  
WITH!

BOOP!



WE NEED TO TURN  
BACK. ENERGY READINGS  
ARE DETECTING—

BUT I  
THINK WE'RE  
GAINING ON HIM!  
JUST A LITTLE  
MORE—



AHHH!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?



I'MMA  
WEAPON!  
PEW PEW!

GET OUT  
OF THE WAY! I  
CAN'T SEE WHERE  
I'M GOING!

IT DOESN'T  
MATTER,  
YOU IDIOT.

WE'VE LOST CONTROL.  
SOMETHING MORE  
POWERFUL THAN MY  
THRUSTERS IS  
PULLING US IN.

PULLING  
US IN? TO  
WHAT?!!

RRRRR....  
WHERE IS THIS  
STUPID DISTRESSED  
IRKEN? THEY SHOULD  
BE RIGHT HERE!

SIGNAL ORIGIN...  
UP AHEAD... BUT  
SOMETHING---  
ISZZZZTT

AH, *THAT'S*  
THE PROBLEM. THE  
SIGNAL IS COMING RIGHT  
FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF  
THAT SPIRALING TEAR  
IN REALITY!

WELL,  
THAT SORT OF  
THING MIGHT HAVE  
TRIPPED UP A  
**LESSER**  
IRKEN...



...BUT  
**NOTHING** IS A MATCH  
FOR ZIM, THE MOST  
UNSTOPPABLE INVADER  
IN THE HISTORY  
OF-





KKRSSH!!



\*COUGH  
COUGH\*

I DID IT!  
I GOT HERE FIRST!  
THAT MEANS I'M THE...  
\*COUGH COUGH\*...  
BEST.

WHAT THE...  
THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY  
SENSE. HOW COULD ALL THESE  
OTHER SHIPS HAVE GOTTEN  
HERE ALREADY WHEN I  
GOT HERE FIRST? BECAUSE  
I DEFINITELY GOT  
HERE FIRST.

COMPUTER,  
SCAN THE AREA.

FZZT! YES  
S-S-S-ZZZZZZ

V-Y-YES SIR,  
SCAN-N-NNTTTTTT

SCANNING-NING-  
NINNNNNNNKRRK

WELL, THAT'S...  
DISCONCERTING.

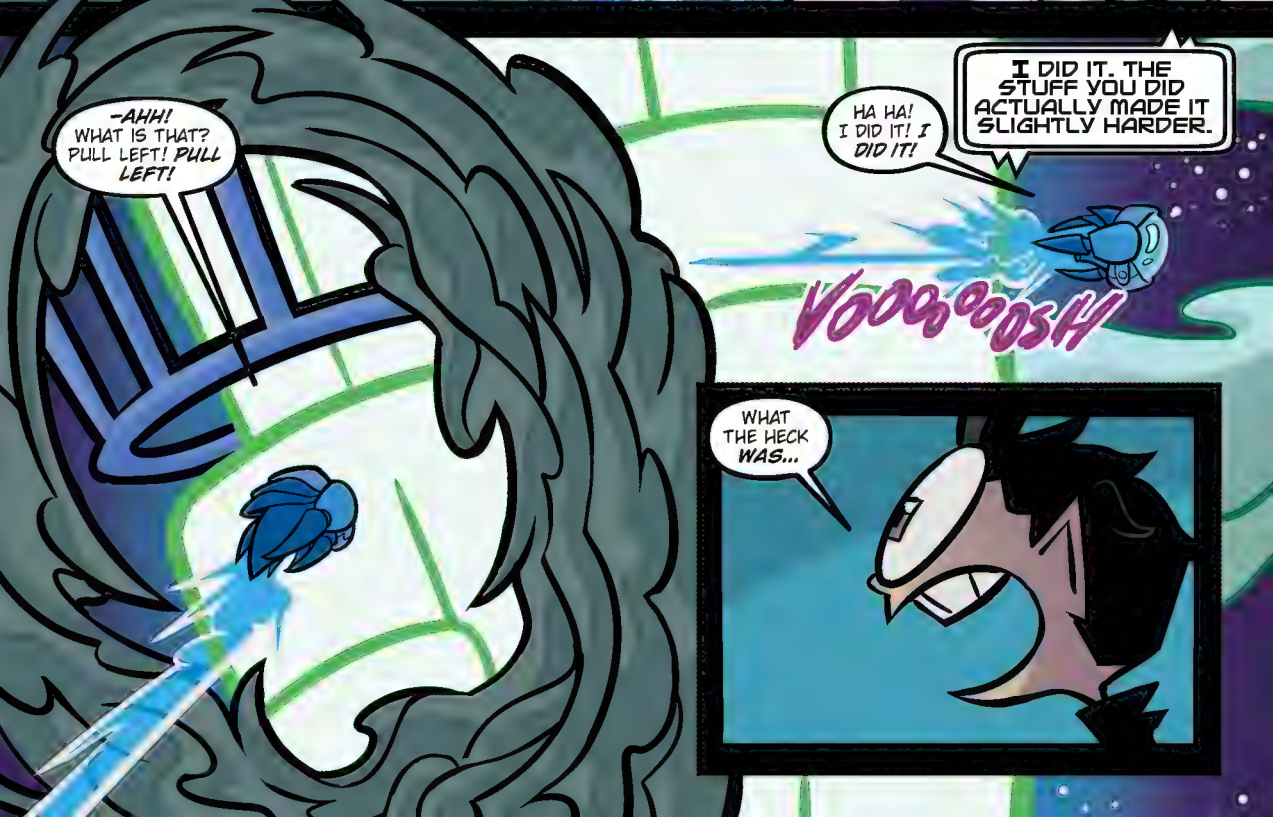
WHY ARE ALL  
THESE CRASHED SHIPS  
EXACTLY LIKE MY CRASHED  
SHIP? ARE THEY ALL MY  
SHIPS? WHO WRECKED  
ALL MY SHIPS?

SSSSSSSS

AHH!  
BUG PEOPLE!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING IN MY  
SHIPS!?

RIPPLE.









...AH.

ONE OF...  
THOSE.



I'VE NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING  
LIKE IT.

WOULD YOU  
LIKE A CLOSER  
LOOK?

YEAH,  
ACTUALLY.

GREAT, BECAUSE YOU  
BURNED OUT THE  
PROPULSION SYSTEMS  
AND WE'RE GOING TO  
CRASH NOW.

YAY

...AH.

AKA  
AKA  
AKA  
AKA  
AKA

I HOPE THIS SOMEHOW  
MANAGES TO KILL YOU  
AND NOT ME.

KVRRRSH!!!





\*COUGH  
COUGH\*!

SHIP,  
WHERE ARE  
WE?

\*MMPH  
MMPH  
MMPH\*

COME ON,  
SAY SOMETHING!  
IT CAN BE  
DISPARAGING!

SHIP?



\*SIGH\*...  
IT FIGURES  
THAT YOU'D  
BE OK.

DO YOU  
KNOW WHERE WE  
ARE? WHY WAS ZIM  
TRYING TO GET HERE?  
WHO WAS SENDING  
THE SIGNAL?



ENEMY  
APPROACHING!  
ENGAGING COMBAT  
MODE! DESTROY!



EE HEE HEE  
HEE HEE! DESTROY!  
DESTROY!

KLINK  
CLANK!

\*SIGH\*...

RRRRUMMBLE



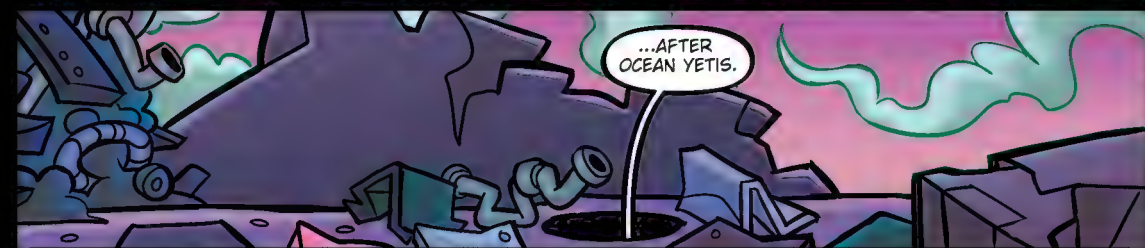
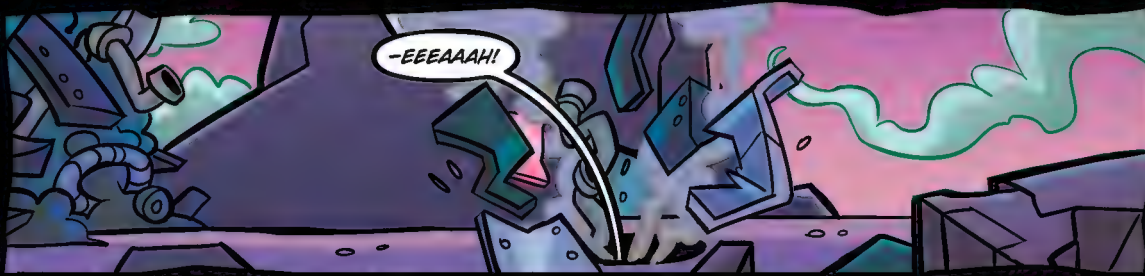
AHH!  
BUG PEOPLE!

I DON'T  
WANT TO JUDGE AN  
UNKNOWN ALIEN RACE,  
BUT WE DON'T KNOW IF  
THESE THINGS ARE  
FRIENDLY, SO LET'S TRY  
NOT TO ATTRACT  
ANY-

CHHHHHH?

KRAACK







YOU MISERABLE INSECTS!

YOU *DARE* TO IMPRISON ZIM? YOU?

YOU'RE LIKE BUGS TO ME! YOU'D BE LIKE BUGS TO ME EVEN IF YOU *WEREN'T* ACTUALLY BUGS! YOU'RE LIKE... **DOUBLE BUGS!**

WHAT *IS* THIS? WHO ARE *YOU* TO ASSIGN ZIM A NUMBER? ESPECIALLY AS STUPID A NUMBER AS THIS ONE.

~~~~~  
YOU HEARD HIM...

...SHOW HIM WHO HE'S DEALING WITH.

"GASP"...  
NO! HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE!?

OOOOOOHHHHH,  
WAIT. IT'S OKAY. I GET IT.

WAIT,  
NO I DON'T! I'M  
EVEN MORE SHOCKED  
THAN BEFORE!



"UGH" ...  
HOW LONG  
HAVE WE BEEN  
DOWN HERE?

WE'VE TAKEN  
SO MANY TWISTS AND  
TURNS. I SWEAR WE WALKED  
DOWN THIS EXACT SAME  
STRETCH OF TUNNEL  
ALREADY.

YUP! YOU  
JUST WALKED PAST  
THE MARK I DREW AN  
HOUR AGO!

BECAUSE YOU  
DREW THE MARK  
ON YOURSELF.

YES I  
DID!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND. WHY  
WAS A RIFT TO *THIS*  
PLACE AT THE CENTER  
OF PANDORA'S  
QUADRANGLE?

AND WHY  
WAS AN IRKEN DISTRESS  
SIGNAL COMING FROM HERE?  
THERE'S NOTHING HERE  
BUT JUNK AND...

OH NO,  
THERE'S THE MARK  
AGAIN!

...WAIT, LOOK!  
UP AHEAD! IT LOOKS  
LIKE... SOME SORT  
OF TOWN, I  
THINK!

WELL,  
*THIS* SEEMS MORE  
PROMISING! I DON'T  
SEE ANY MORE GIANT  
BUGS!

JUST  
A BUNCH  
OF...

...OH NO.

NO.  
IT CAN'T  
BE.

THEY'RE...  
THEY'RE...





ZIM'S  
EDIBLE  
SALVAGE

ZIM'S  
SIGN  
PRINTER

ZIM'S  
INN  
★4 ZIMS  
PER ROOM

...THEY'RE  
ZIM!

THEY'RE  
ALL ZIM!

ZIM'S  
EDIBLE  
SALVAGE

ZIM

SQUEE  
EEEE  
EEEE





## CHAPTER: 2

illustration by **MADDIE C.** with **FRED C. STRESING**




**ATTENTION INVADER ZIM FANS!** We're **BACK!** I mean, I'M back!  
**BUT I GUESS YOU ARE TOO???** FINE, I **GUESS!** We're in the middle of  
a 4-part story! It's called **BATTLE VOID!** Whoooooooooooo! And last time,  
Dib chased ZIM into a vortex and delivered both of them to a **PLANET FULL OF**  
**ZIMS!!!** Soooooo many ZIMs I don't know how we'll tell them apart from the  
real one! Actually I do! Because this issue goes into more detail about it! **ALOT!**  
**MORE! DETAIL!** Because last time it wasn't until the last page when we found out!  
**YEAH! COOL, HUH?** In this issue we're gonna learn how the society of ZIMs works!  
No, don't worry, that's not what it's called, that's just what I called it! I'm not good  
at naming stuff, **USUALLY.** HAHA! I wouldn't have named this story Battle Void.  
I probably just woulda called it... **PLANET ZIM (and DIB IS HERE TOO).** Anyway,  
**WHY DON'T YOU READ ABOUT THE ZIM PLANET? Go ahead,**  
**I won't stop you! OR WILL I?**



Recap Kid illustrated by **MADDIE C.**,  
colored by **FRED C. STRESING**, and  
lettered by **WARREN WUCINICH**





WHAT IS  
THE *MEANING* OF  
THIS? WHERE ARE  
YOU TAKING ME?

AND WHY  
DO YOU ALL LOOK  
LIKE SLIGHTLY LESS  
PERFECT VERSIONS  
OF *ME*?

*\*HMPH\**  
IS IT JUST ME,  
OR IS THIS THE MOST  
PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR  
A ZIM WE'VE GOTTEN  
YET, 680?

HE  
LOOKS SOFT,  
401. *REAL*  
SOFT.

WELL,  
DON'T WORRY,  
270. WE'LL TAKE  
GOOD CARE OF  
YOU.

STOP CALLING  
ME THAT! I AM ZIM!  
THE *REAL* ZIM! WHAT  
ARE YOU PEOPLE?

ISN'T IT  
OBVIOUS,  
270?

WE'RE  
ZIM! WE'RE  
ALL ZIM!  
WELCOME TO  
THE ZIMVOID!





THAT'S...  
THAT'S A LOT  
OF... ME...

HEH!  
BET IT'S ALL  
STARTING TO MAKE  
SENSE NOW,  
ISN'T IT?

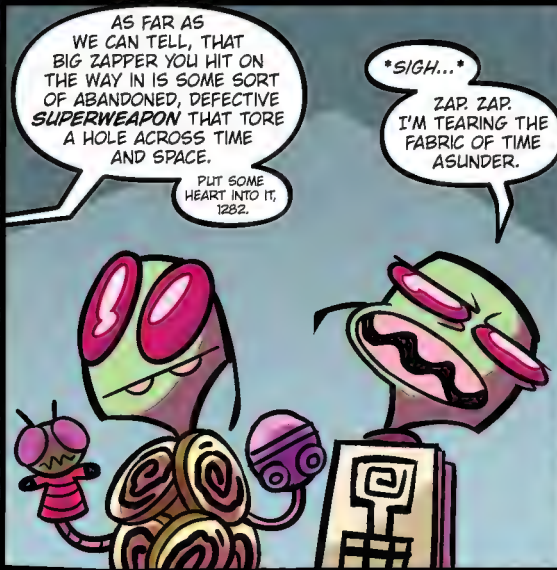


YES, YES.

BUT WHY  
DON'T YOU EXPLAIN  
IT ANYWAY SO I CAN  
CHECK THAT YOUR...  
BRAIN... IS... AS  
GOOD. AS MINE.

EXCELLENT.

FETCH  
THE VISUAL AID  
ZIMS!

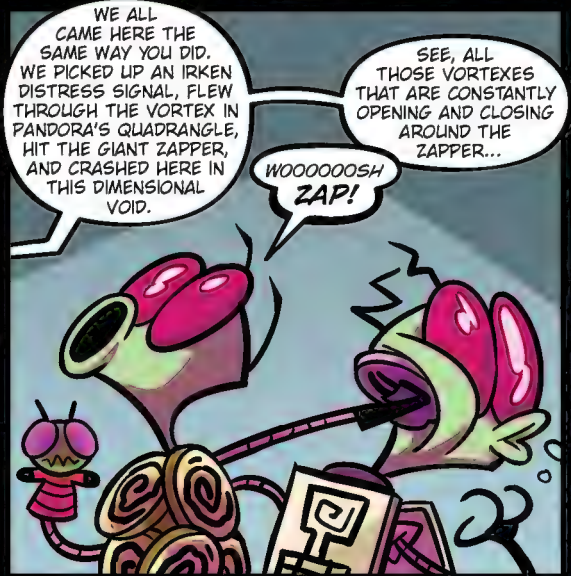


AS FAR AS  
WE CAN TELL, THAT  
BIG ZAPPER YOU HIT ON  
THE WAY IN IS SOME SORT  
OF ABANDONED, DEFECTIVE  
**SUPERWEAPON** THAT TORE  
A HOLE ACROSS TIME  
AND SPACE.

PUT SOME  
HEART INTO IT,  
1282.

\*SIGH...\*

ZAP. ZAP.  
I'M TEARING THE  
FABRIC OF TIME  
ASUNDER.



WE ALL  
CAME HERE THE  
SAME WAY YOU DID.  
WE PICKED UP AN IRKEN  
DISTRESS SIGNAL, FLEW  
THROUGH THE VORTEX IN  
PANDORA'S QUADRANGLE,  
HIT THE GIANT ZAPPER,  
AND CRASHED HERE IN  
THIS DIMENSIONAL  
VOID.

WOOOOOOSH  
ZAP!

SEE, ALL  
THOSE VORTEXES  
THAT ARE CONSTANTLY  
OPENING AND CLOSING  
AROUND THE  
ZAPPER...



...EACH OF  
THEM LEADS TO THE  
PANDORA'S QUADRANGLE  
OF AN **ALTERNATE  
TIMELINE**.

AN  
ALTERNATE  
HOO HA?



AN ALTERNATE  
TIMELINE! TIME IS  
INFINITE, 2170. INFINITE  
POSSIBILITIES. INFINITE  
CHOICES. **INFINITE  
CATTLE!**

UM...  
ARE CATTLE  
PARTICULARLY  
IMPORTANT OR  
SOMETHING?

NO,  
THEY'RE JUST  
TECHNICALLY ALSO  
INFINITE.



EVERY CHOICE,  
EVERY SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT  
TURN OF EVENTS, LEADS TO  
A DIFFERENT TIMELINE.

EACH OF US  
COMES FROM A TIMELINE  
WHERE WE DID ONE **SLIGHTLY  
DIFFERENT THING...** OR MADE  
ONE **SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT  
CHOICE...** OR LOOKED AT ONE  
**SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT  
COW.**

UM...  
I  
WAS KICKED IN  
THE EYE BY A  
COW.





BUT YOU'LL FIND **EVERY** ZIM GENERALLY HAS ONE LITTLE POINT OF DIVERGENCE FROM THE REST. IT'S THEIR "THING"! WE ALL HAVE A THING.



IN 1349'S TIMELINE, AN IRRADIATED BREAKFAST ACCIDENTALLY MUTATED OUR HEAD INTO A GIANT WAFFLE.

IT WAS ON PURPOSE. IT'S BETTER LIKE THIS.



IN 1910'S TIMELINE, OUR PAK WAS ACCIDENTALLY RE-INSTALLED INCORRECTLY AFTER AN UPGRADE.

IT'S THE CLEARLY SUPERIOR PLACEMENT.

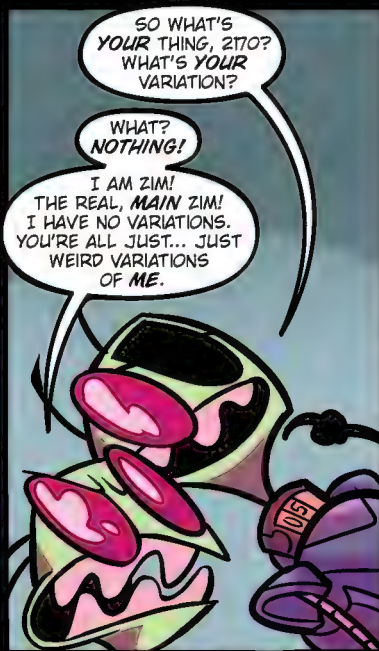


AND IN 1200'S TIMELINE... \*UGH...\*

COME ON. JUST SAY IT.

IN 1200'S TIMELINE, OUR NAME IS CARL.

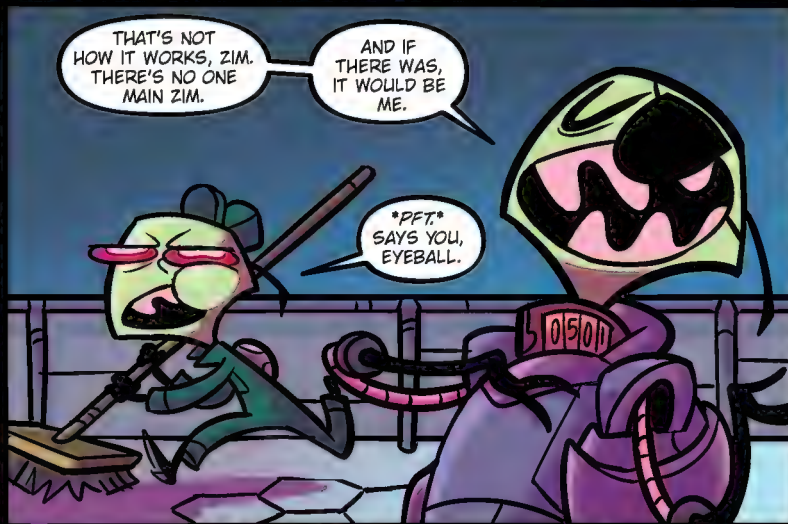
CARL IS GREAT!



SO WHAT'S YOUR THING, 2170? WHAT'S YOUR VARIATION?

WHAT? NOTHING!

I AM ZIM! THE REAL, **MAIN** ZIM! I HAVE NO VARIATIONS. YOU'RE ALL JUST... JUST WEIRD VARIATIONS OF ME.



THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS, ZIM. THERE'S NO ONE MAIN ZIM.

AND IF THERE WAS, IT WOULD BE ME.

\*PFT.\* SAYS YOU, EYEBALL.



ANYWAY, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND ONCE YOU'VE SPENT SOME TIME HERE IN THE VOID, 2170.

STOP CALLING ME THAT. MY NAME IS ZIM!





YES,  
BUT **ALL** OUR NAMES  
ARE ZIM! IF YOU ADDRESSED  
EVERYONE BY THEIR REAL  
NAME, IT'D BE **CONFUSING**,  
WOULDN'T IT?

NOT  
FOR ME.



NO ONE  
ASKED YOU,  
CARL.

ANYWAY,  
DON'T TAKE IT  
PERSONALLY. 2170 IS  
STRICTLY A CONVENIENT  
CODE TO DISTINGUISH YOU  
FOR THE OTHERS.  
THAT'S ALL.

IT  
DOESN'T **MEAN**  
ANYTHING.



OTHER THAN, YOU  
KNOW... DETERMINING  
YOUR POSITION IN OUR RIGID,  
RANK-BASED HIERARCHICAL  
SOCIETY.

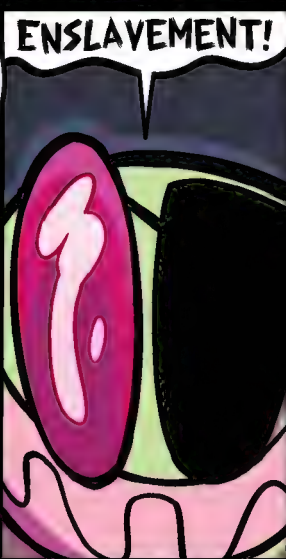
WE RUN A  
TIGHT VOID HERE, 2170.  
WE'RE TRAPPED, WITH  
LIMITED RESOURCES AND  
ALMOST NO WORKING  
MACHINERY.

WHAT?!?

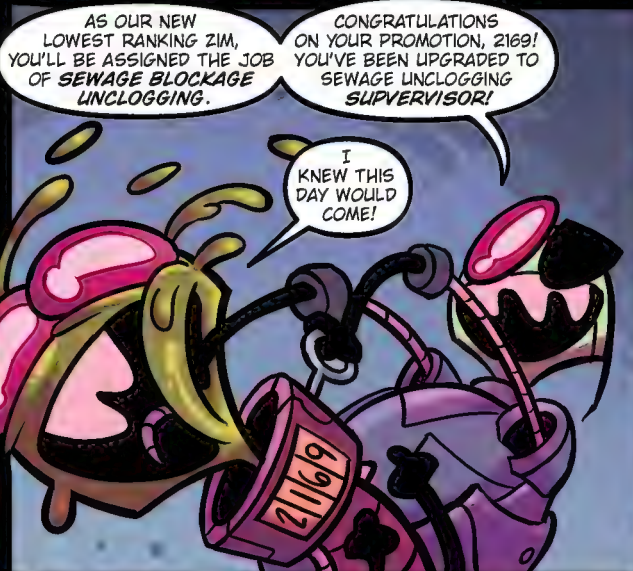


WE'VE GOT A  
LOT OF JOBS TO DO  
AND ONLY ZIMS TO DO  
THEM. AND AS YOU KNOW,  
A TYPICAL ZIM IS **FAR** TOO  
INTELLIGENT AND HIGHLY  
TRAINED TO ACCEPT SUCH  
MENIAL ASSIGNMENTS.

SO WE'VE  
DEVELOPED A UNIQUE  
SYSTEM TO ENCOURAGE  
THEM.



**ENSLAVEMENT!**



AS OUR NEW  
LOWEST RANKING ZIM,  
YOU'LL BE ASSIGNED THE JOB  
OF **SEWAGE BLOCKAGE  
UNCLOGGING**.

CONGRATULATIONS  
ON YOUR PROMOTION, 2169!  
YOU'VE BEEN UPGRADED TO  
**SEWAGE UNCLOGGING  
SUPERVISOR!**

I  
KNEW THIS  
DAY WOULD  
COME!



THIS IS  
**OUTRAGEOUS!**  
I AM ZIM! I'M NOT  
SOME... **SOME PLUNGER  
MONKEY!**

OH, WE  
DON'T HAVE ANY  
PLUNGERS. YOU'LL  
HAVE TO USE YOUR  
HANDS.



IT'S  
**TERRIBLE.**



ABSOLUTELY NOT! I REFUSE.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE HOW WE DO THINGS, 2170, THEN YOU CAN TRY YOUR LUCK OUT IN THE **DIRTY SCRAP WASTELAND** WITH THE OTHER REJECT ZIMS AND EAT **SCRAP METAL** INSTEAD OF DELICIOUS RATION CUBES.

TO SURVIVE HERE, WE'VE ALL GOT OUR ROLES TO PLAY... FROM NUMBER 1, ALL THE WAY DOWN TO YOU.

NUMBER 1, EH? AND THIS NUMBER 1 IS WHAT... YOUR LEADER?

WHO IS NUMBER 1? I MUST KNOW! TELL ME WHO NUMBER 1 IS!

I MEAN... HE'S A ZIM.

EVERYONE HERE IS A ZIM. YOU GET THAT, RIGHT? DO YOU NEED ME TO GET OUT THE VISUAL AID ZIMS AGAIN?

PLEASE, NO!

ANYWAY, GET TO UNCLOGGING, 2170! AND WHEN YOU'RE DONE, IT'S BACK TO YOUR CELL FOR DAILY RATIONS AND ISOLATION TIME. TOODLES!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU... YOU FRAUD! YOU PHONEY!

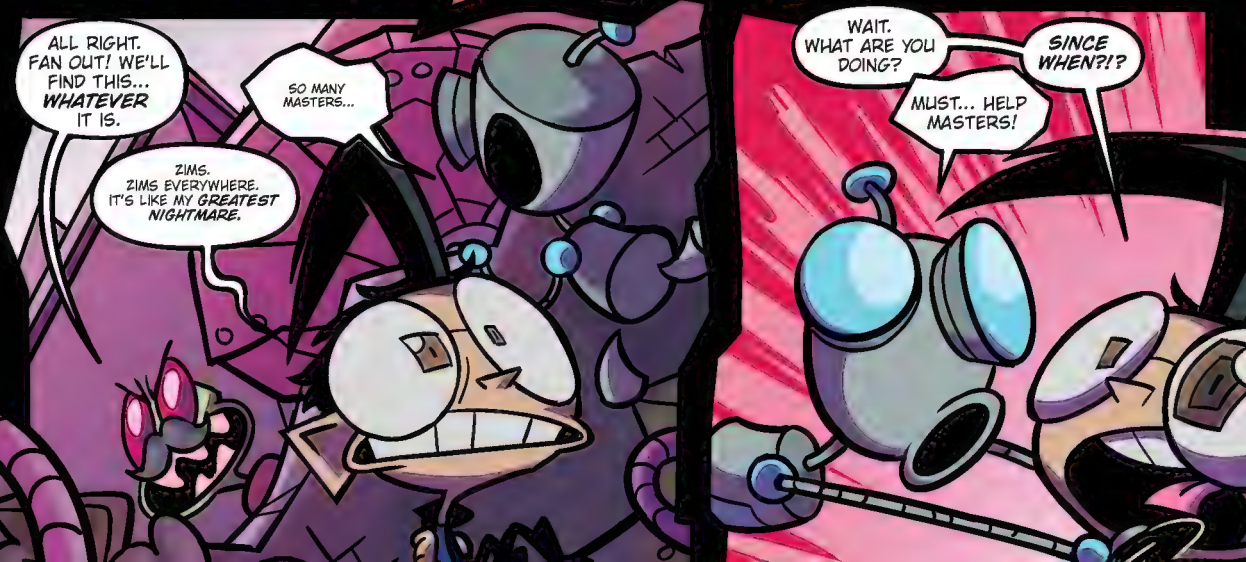
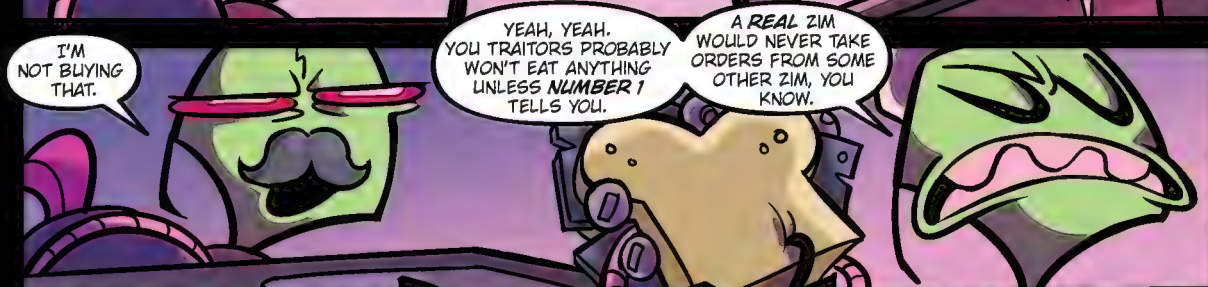
YOU'RE ALL DISGRACES TO THE NAME ZIM!

\*COUGH\*

...AND CARL!

CARL IS GREAT!









LOOKIE,  
LOOKIE! I  
FOUND HIM!

\*OOF!\*  
OH NO...

LOOK!  
THERE HE  
IS!

AFTER  
HIM!

OKAY, I  
DID IT! NOW  
LET'S DO  
SOMETHING  
ELSE.

WHAT IS  
WRONG WITH...

....UH OH.  
DEAD END.

HOORAY!  
WE'RE DEAD!

THERE  
HE IS!

ALL RIGHT,  
ZIMS... LET'S  
GET-

AHA! NOT SO  
FAST, INFERIOR  
ZIMS!

GO CRYING  
BACK TO NUMBER  
1, TRAITORS.

UNBELIEVABLE...  
HE'S NOT JUST NOT  
A ZIM...





...HE'S  
A DIB!

EW,  
GROSS.

AMAZING!  
IT'S BEEN SO LONG,  
BUT... YOU LOOK JUST  
LIKE MY DIB.



YOUR  
DIB?

YES, YES.  
AND YOU'RE JUST  
LIKE HIM!

ALTHOUGH  
HE WAS A  
LITTLE BIGGER.  
BEEFIER.



AND HIS  
HEAD WASN'T  
NEARLY AS  
MASSIVE  
AS—

OKAY,  
THANK YOU,  
WEIRD ZIM  
BABY.



AND LOOK  
OVER HERE,  
2K... A GIR!

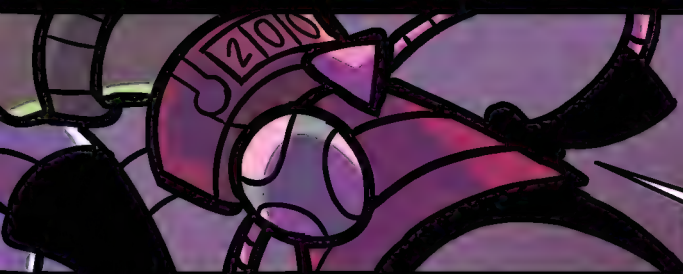
HEY,  
GIR!

MASTER!  
YES, MASTER!



MAN, I  
DIDN'T MISS YOU  
AT ALL! I'M HAVING NO  
EMOTIONAL REACTION  
TO THIS MOMENT  
WHATSOEVER!

HOORAY!



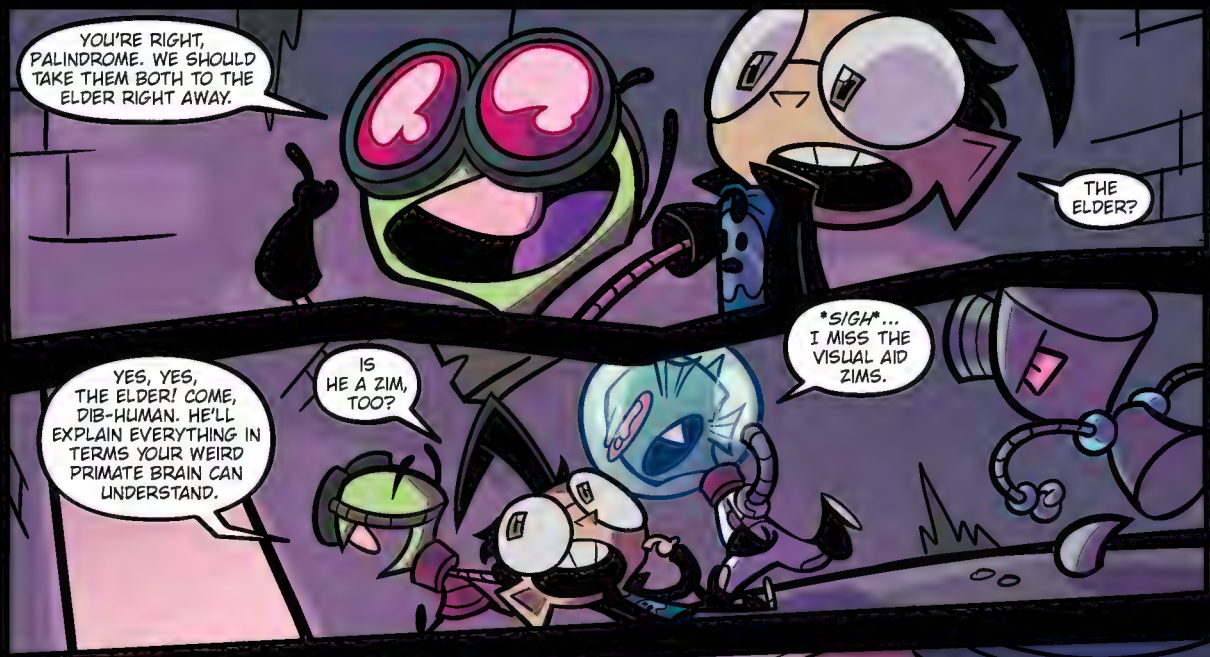
A DIB AND  
A GIR? HERE  
IN THE ZIMVOID?  
THIS COULD CHANGE  
EVERYTHING FOR  
THE RESISTANCE,  
2K.

MAYBE  
THIS COULD  
BE OUR CHANCE  
TO OVERTHROW  
NUMBER 1!

NUMBER 1?







YOU'RE RIGHT, PALINDROME. WE SHOULD TAKE THEM BOTH TO THE ELDER RIGHT AWAY.

THE ELDER?

\*SIGH\*... I MISS THE VISUAL AID ZIMS.

YES, YES, THE ELDER! COME, DIB-HUMAN. HE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING IN TERMS YOUR WEIRD PRIMATE BRAIN CAN UNDERSTAND.

IS HE A ZIM, TOO?



RRR! THIS IS COMPLETELY INTOLERABLE!

AHHHH...



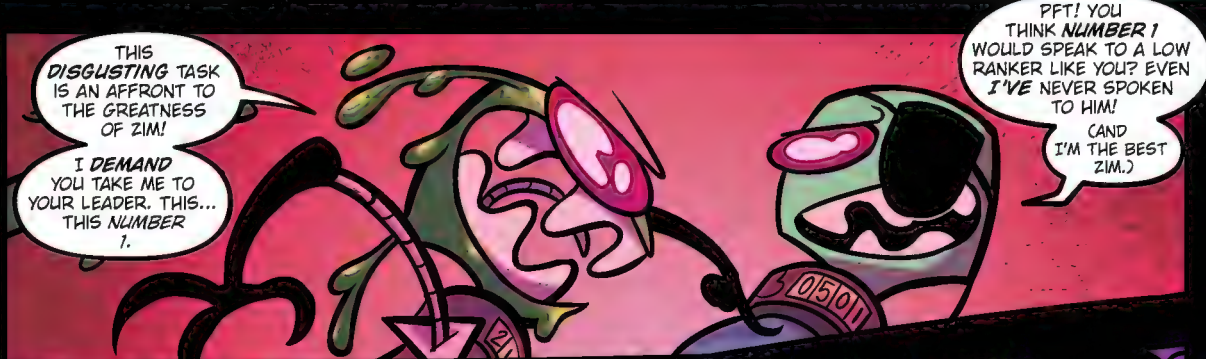
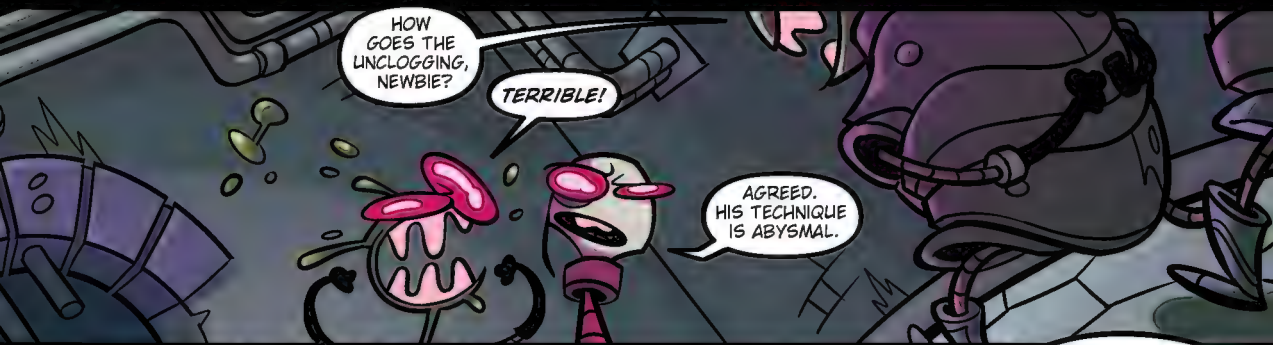
...SEE, THE PROBLEM HERE IS YOUR APPROACH. YOU WANT TO GET YOUR ARMS IN ABOUT HALF A FOOT, THEN GRIP WITH-

I DON'T NEED YOU TO EXPLAIN HOW TO MANHANDLE SEWAGE, YOU WORTHLESS EXCUSE FOR A ZIM.

\*PFT!\* DOESN'T LOOK THAT WAY.

AN IRKEN INVADER SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS KIND OF DISGUSTING WORK AT ALL! WHERE ARE YOUR S/R UNITS?!









WHAT IS THIS... ARENA?

HERE IN THE ZIMVOID, THE ONLY WAY FOR A ZIM TO IMPROVE HIS RANKING IS BY BESTING ANOTHER ZIM IN THE ARENA. YOU BEAT A ZIM, YOU TAKE HIS RANK. SURVIVAL OF THE ZIMMEST.



YES... THAT SOUNDS PERFECT.

HA HA HA, ARE YOU KIDDING? A SOFTIE LIKE YOU? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY SCARS OR MISSING BODY PARTS. YOU'LL GET EATEN ALIVE.

IT'S LIKE 2066 ALL OVER AGAIN.

YEAH! LIKE POOR 2066! HE WAS SURE HE COULD WIN IN THE ARENA, TOO.



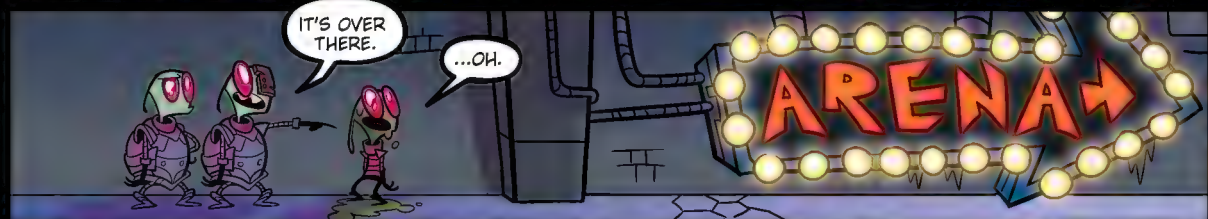
SO WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

...EH. I NEVER CHECKED, ACTUALLY.

WHO CARES?

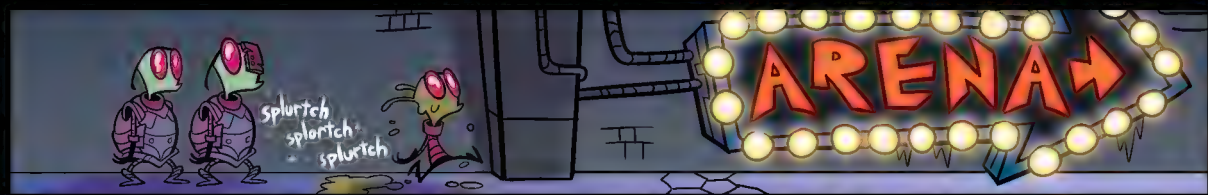
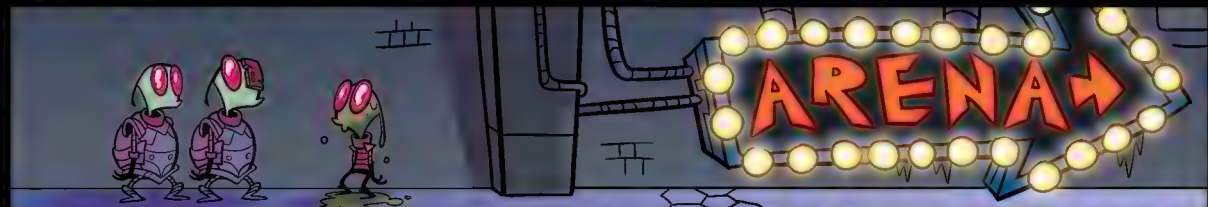
WELL, IT'S RIDICULOUS THAT AN OBVIOUSLY SUPERIOR ZIM LIKE MYSELF EVEN NEEDS TO PROVE MY OWN SUPERIORITY... BUT IF I MUST, THEN I WILL!

TAKE ME TO THIS ARENA!



IT'S OVER THERE.

...OH.



splurrrrrrr  
splurrrrrrr  
splurrrrrrr





...I'M  
HERE TO  
WIN.

YEAH, YEAH.  
THAT'S WHAT THEY  
ALL SAY.

I MEAN  
LITERALLY. EVERYONE  
SAYS THAT BECAUSE  
THEY'RE ALL THE  
SAME GUY.

WHATEVER!  
WHERE DO I GO TO  
BEAT MYSELF UP?

HMM...  
2170, HUH? YEAH,  
OKAY, WE'VE GOT  
SOMEONE FOR YOU.  
GRAB A WEAPON  
AND HEAD ON  
IN.

YOU  
HERE TO  
FIGHT?

NO...

PFT.  
WEAPONS ARE  
FOR INFERIOR ZIMS. MY  
PERFECTION REQUIRES  
NO AUGMENTATION.

THEY ALL  
SAY THAT,  
TOO.

ATTENTION,  
ZIMS!

THANK YOU  
FOR JOINING US FOR  
MANDATORY AUDIENCE DUTY,  
AS COMMANDED BY OUR  
GLORIOUS LEADER,  
NUMBER!!

IT LOOKS  
LIKE OUR NEXT  
BATTLE IS ABOUT  
TO BEGIN!

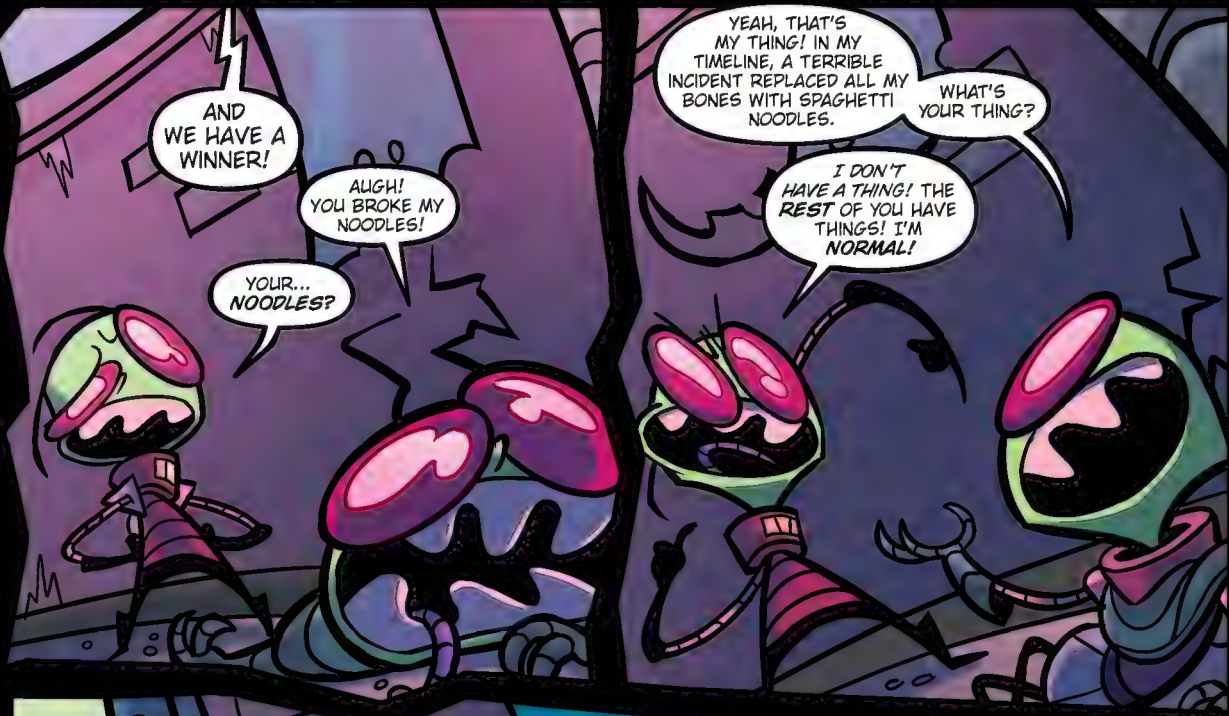
WOO!

YEAH!









AND WE HAVE A WINNER!

AUGH! YOU BROKE MY NOODLES!

YOUR... NOODLES?

YEAH, THAT'S MY THING! IN MY TIMELINE, A TERRIBLE INCIDENT REPLACED ALL MY BONES WITH SPAGHETTI NOODLES.

WHAT'S YOUR THING?

I DON'T HAVE A THING! THE REST OF YOU HAVE THINGS! I'M NORMAL!



\*PFT\*... EVERY ZIM HAS A THING.

CONGRATULATIONS, 2170. YOU'RE THE NEW 2165. YOU CAN LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR NEW ASSIGNMENT...



...MOLD SCRAPER.

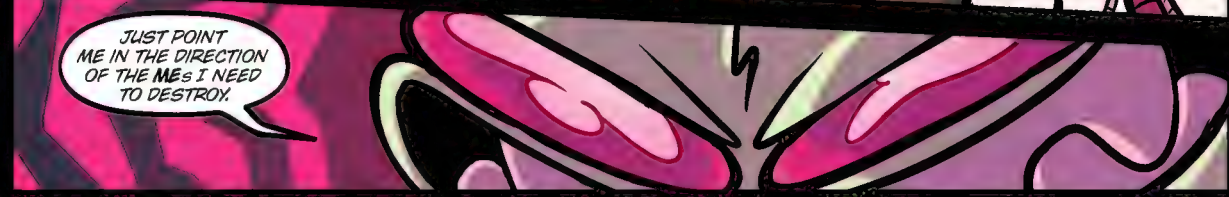
WHAT? NO! IS THAT BETTER THAN SEWAGE UNCLOGGER?

VERY SLIGHTLY.

UNACCEPTABLE! I DEMAND SOMETHING BETTER.

AS MANY AS IT TAKES! IT'LL BE A CAKEWALK. NO ZIM WALKS CAKES BETTER THAN I, YOU HEAR ME?

WELL, IF YOU WANT TO COMPETE IN MORE FIGHTS...



JUST POINT ME IN THE DIRECTION OF THE MEs I NEED TO DESTROY.





SO YOU GUYS ARE ALL ZIMS FROM ALTERNATE TIMELINES?

THAT'S RIGHT, ALTERNATE-DIB-MONKEY.

BUT UNLIKE OUR FELLOW ZIMS INSIDE THE WALL, WE REFUSE TO LIVE IN NUMBER 1'S FASCIST HIERARCHICAL SOCIETY, WHERE ZIMS WHO AREN'T US ARE ARBITRARILY PLACED ABOVE ZIMS WHO ARE US. WE REJECT THAT WORLD!

WELL, DIDN'T IT TECHNICALLY REJECT *US*, ZK?

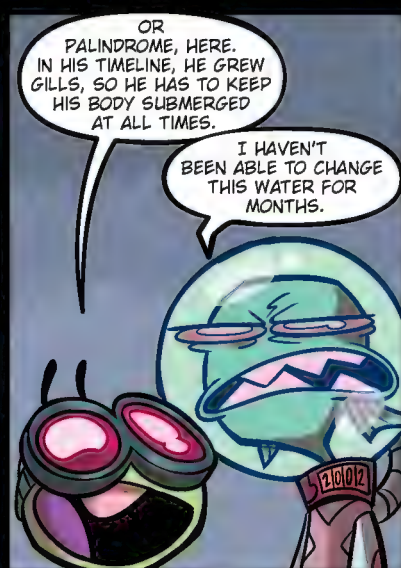
BECAUSE THEY'RE JEALOUS! I MEAN, LOOK AT ME!

THEY JUST DON'T RECOGNIZE GREATNESS WHEN THEY SEE IT!



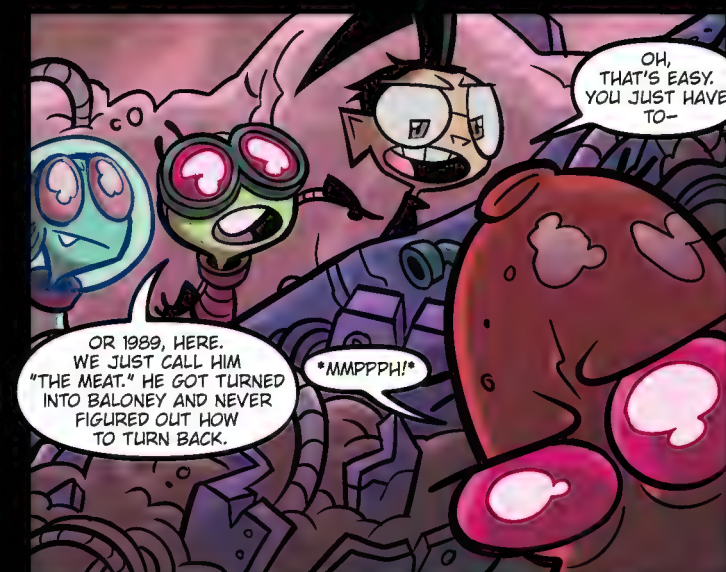
BUT ADMITTEDLY, OUR RESISTANCE GROUP *IS* MOSTLY COMPRISED OF ZIMS WHO COME FROM CIRCUMSTANCES THAT MIGHT MAKE THEIR GREATNESS LESS... IMMEDIATELY APPARENT.

TAKE ME, FOR EXAMPLE. IN MY TIMELINE, A **BRILLIANT** EXPERIMENTAL SUPERWEAPON HAD THE **MINOR** UNINTENDED SIDE EFFECT OF CAUSING MY BODY TO START AGING BACKWARDS.



OR PALINDROME, HERE. IN HIS TIMELINE, HE GREW GILLS, SO HE HAS TO KEEP HIS BODY SUBMERGED AT ALL TIMES.

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CHANGE THIS WATER FOR MONTHS.



OR 1989, HERE. WE JUST CALL HIM "THE MEAT." HE GOT TURNED INTO BALONEY AND NEVER FIGURED OUT HOW TO TURN BACK.

\*MMPPPH!\*

OH, THAT'S EASY. YOU JUST HAVE TO—



\*GASP\*... A **DIB**? CAN IT BE? COME CLOSER, STINK HUMAN, COME CLOSER.

ARE YOU... THE ELDER?



MY OLD ENEMY... IT *IS* YOU. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN, YOU DISGUSTING HAIRLESS MONKEY.

WHY DO YOU HAVE A BEARD?

THE ELDER WAS ONE OF THE VERY FIRST ZIMS TO ARRIVE HERE IN THE VOID. FEW SURVIVE FROM THAT TIME.

YES... THE BEGINNING TIME. BUT I REMEMBER IT LIKE IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY.

AND NOT SIX MONTHS AGO, LIKE IT ACTUALLY WAS.

YOU GREW A BEARD AFTER SIX MONTHS?

SIT, YOU HORRIBLE MEAT SACK. GATHER 'ROUND, EVERYONE. LET ME TELL YOU THE TALE OF THE RISE OF NUMBER 1, AND HOW OUR TERRIBLE SOCIETY CAME TO BE.

SERIOUSLY, DO IRKENS EVEN GROW BEARDS? ANYONE?

I DO!

LIKE ALL OF US, I WAS DRAWN HERE BY THE MYSTERIOUS IRKEN DISTRESS SIGNAL. BUT NONE OF US EVER FOUND THE SOURCE.

WE ONLY FOUND THE ZAPPER. AND WITHOUT OUR SHIPS OR TECHNOLOGY, WE WERE STRANDED HERE.

BACK THEN THERE WERE ONLY A HANDFUL OF US, STRUGGLING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO SURVIVE. SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ZIMS, FROM SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WORLDS. SOME FOR THE BETTER. SOME FOR THE WORSE.

ALSO, ONE WHO HAD A SHARK FOR A HEAD. NOT SURE WHAT HIS DEAL WAS.

BUT THE ZIM WHO BECAME NUMBER 1 WAS DIFFERENT. HE WAS COLD. CALCULATED. DANGEROUS.

SOME BELIEVE HE CONQUERED HIS EARTH AND DESTROYED HIS ENEMIES BEFORE HE CAME HERE.



GULP!  
D-DESTROYED?

THAT'S  
RIGHT. SOME MIGHT  
EVEN SAY HE'S... THE  
**ULTIMATE**  
**ZIM.**

WHICH IS  
RIDICULOUS, SINCE  
CLEARLY **I'M** THE  
ULTIMATE ZIM.

PRETTY  
SURE I'M THE  
ULTIMATE ZIM.

I  
THINK IT'S  
ME.

ANYWAY, IT WAS  
NUMBER 1 WHO CREATED  
THE RULES OUR SOCIETY LIVES  
BY TODAY... AN OPPRESSIVE ZIM  
HIERARCHY, WITH RANKS  
DETERMINED BY BRUTAL  
COMBAT.

IT WAS NUMBER 1  
WHO PITTED US AGAINST  
EACH OTHER, AND IN DOING  
SO, ENSLAVED US!

HE LIVES IN THE  
TOWER IN ABSOLUTE LUXURY,  
ALONGSIDE THE TOP 100 OF HIS  
SPECIAL CHOSEN ELITE ZIMS... THE  
ZIMS WHO PERFORMED THE BEST  
IN THE HORRIBLE ZIM  
ARENA.

2K TOLD ME  
ABOUT THE ARENA.  
IT'S FOR GLADIATORIAL  
BATTLES?

EXACTLY!  
MOST ZIMS HAVE  
WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL...  
COMPETITIVE  
EGOS.

NOT AS  
COMPETITIVE AS MINE!  
**MINE'S** THE MOST  
COMPETITIVE.

BY KEEPING US  
OBSESSED WITH THE  
ARENA AND RANKS, IT KEEPS  
US SUBSERVIENT TO HIM, AND  
PREVENTS US FROM WORKING  
TOGETHER TO FIND A WAY  
TO ESCAPE.

MEANWHILE, THE ZIMS YOU  
SAW IN THE CAVES... THE ONES WHO  
REFUSED TO WORK FOR HIM, OR THAT  
HE HAD NO USE FOR... HAVE BEEN  
CAST OUTSIDE THE WALL INTO  
THE WASTELAND.

THIS  
IS WHY I FORMED THE  
**ZIM RESISTANCE!** WE NEED  
TO **STOP** THE GAMES AND TAKE  
OUT NUMBER 1 FOR  
GOOD!



BUT IT'S BEEN... A CHALLENGE. WE'RE UNDER-EQUIPPED. WE'RE MALNOURISHED.

MY BOWL IS GETTING DIRTY AND I DON'T HAVE ANY CLEANER.

UH, AND NO OFFENSE, BUT YOU GUYS DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU WERE THE MOST... INTIMIDATING ZIMS TO BEGIN WITH.

YEAH? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S INTIMIDATING. GET BACK HERE AND BE INTIMIDATED!

I MEAN, YOU GUYS MAY BE FEEBLE, BUT YOU'RE STILL FEEBLE VERSIONS OF MY GREATEST ENEMY.

WHY WOULD I EVER, EVER HELP YOU?

BECAUSE IF WE DON'T DEFEAT NUMBER 1, YOU'LL BE TRAPPED HERE FOREVER.

TRAPPED IN A WORLD FULL OF ZIMS... FOREVER...

UH, YEAH, THANKS, BUT NO THANKS. AND TO BE HONEST, I THINK I'M GONNA PASS ON THE WHOLE "RESISTANCE" THING, TOO.

SQUEEEEEEE

BESIDES, YOU'RE A DIB. THAT MAY GIVE US AN ADVANTAGE AGAINST NUMBER 1.

AS MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO ADMIT IT... NOTHING HAS A GREATER OR MORE INEXPLICABLE ABILITY TO DERAIL A ZIM'S PLANS THAN THE UNPREDICTABLE STUPIDITY OF A DIB. IT'S A UNIVERSAL LAW AS TRUE AS IT IS BAFFLING.

HA! I SUPPOSE DIBS MUST HAVE A BIT OF A REPUTATION WITH THE POPULATION AROUND HERE, DON'T WE?

\*UGH\* THEY'RE THE WORST. I STILL REMEMBER THE TIME MY DIB TORE APART MY GIANT BATTLE MECH WITH HIS BARE HANDS. HOW COULD SOMEONE SO STUPID HAVE SO MANY MUSCLES?

MINE WAS EVEN WORSE. ESPECIALLY ONCE HE GOT THOSE LASER EYE IMPLANTS. DO YOU HAVE EYE LASERS?

UM...



LOOK, NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT. JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO.

WE THINK OUR BEST BET IS TO TRY AND CONVERT THE TOP GLADIATORS TO OUR CAUSE. IF THEY REFUSE TO FIGHT, THE WHOLE SYSTEM BREAKS DOWN!

BUT TO DO THAT, WE'D HAVE TO FIND A WAY PAST NUMBER 1'S MASSIVE OUTER WALL. AND THAT'S COMPLETELY—

I CAN DO IT!

REALLY?

HOW?

REALLY?

I GOT'S...

...SPECIAL EQUIPMENT.

AND WE HAVE ANOTHER WINNER!

AUGH, MY INNER EAR!

AUGH, MY OUTER EAR!

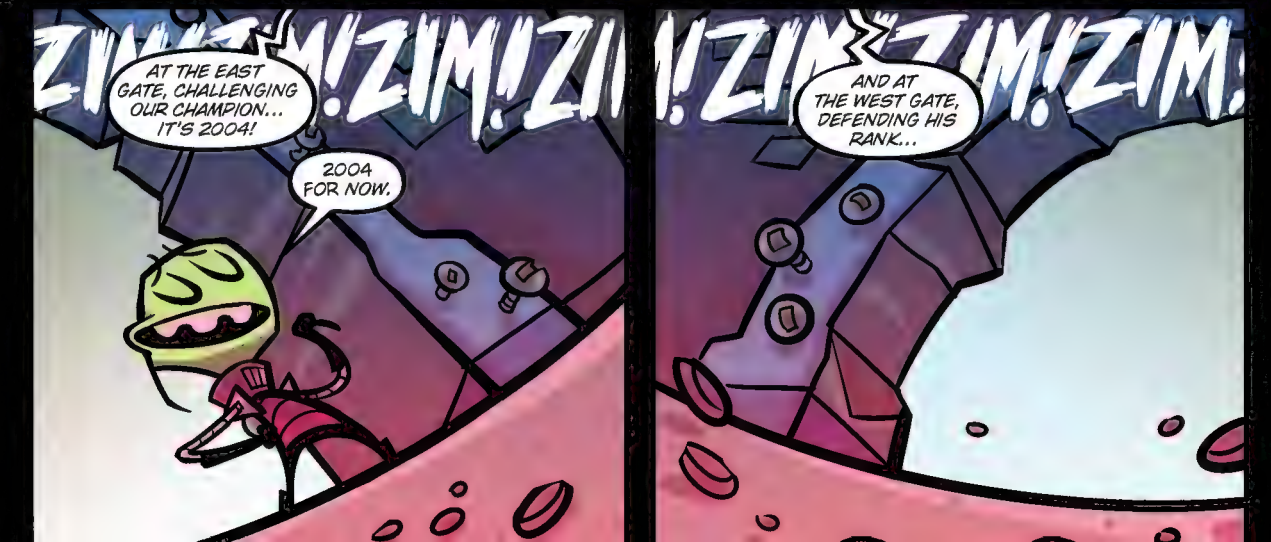
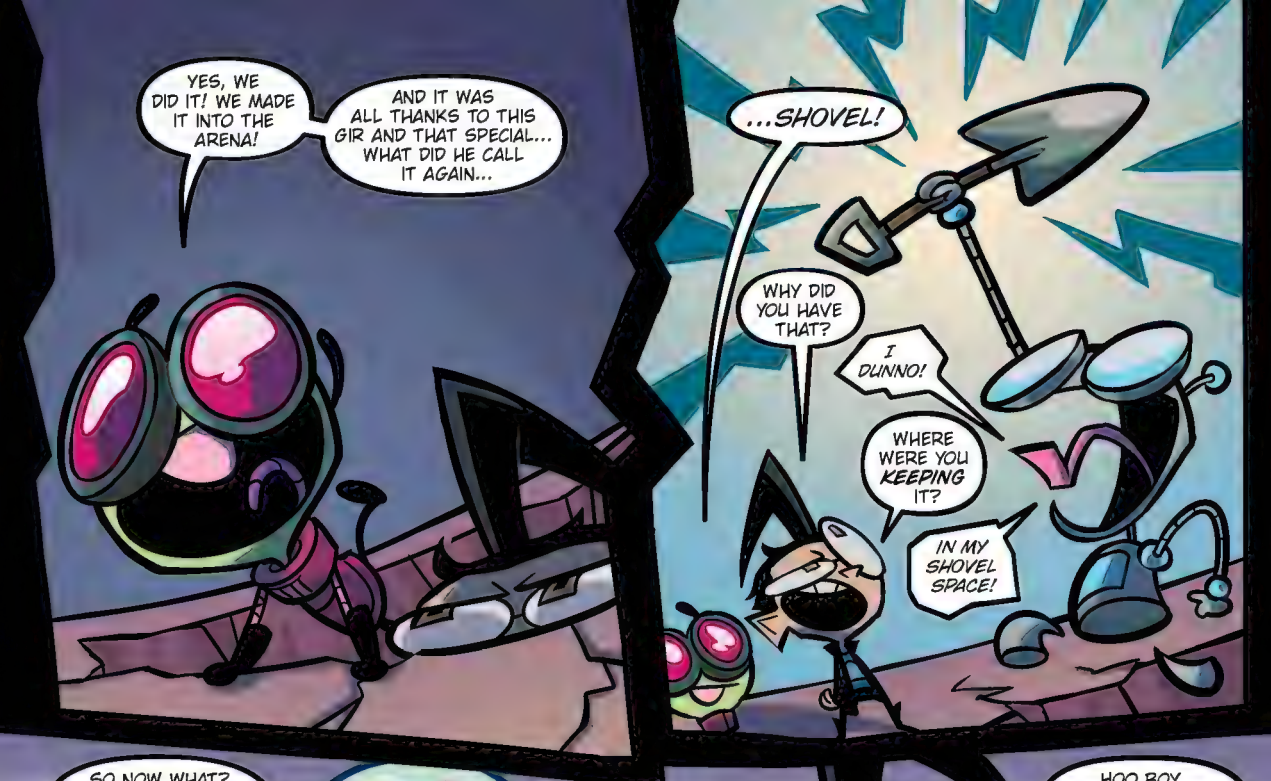
AUGH, MY CORNS!

THERE! HOW MANY DEFEATS WAS THAT? WHERE AM I AT NOW?











...IT'S  
NUMBER  
100!

ZUMMMM!!

...DOES HE  
BREAK THAT  
WALL EVERY  
TIME?

IT'S REALLY  
ANNOYING.





# INVADER ZIM



## CHAPTER: 3

illustration by **MADDIE C.** with **FRED C. STRESING**



**WHOOOOOSH!** Recap Kid's here! That's me! And I'm here! I'm here to remind you what happened last time in the **INVADER ZIM COMICS** because you probably read the issue a month ago and forgot! **THAT'S OKAY!** It's my job or something! So I'll tell you that last time, ZIM found out he was on a ZIM planet, and they rank each other with **NUMBERS**, and ZIM is the lowest rank, so he had to fight some other ZIMs to get ranked higher! And now he's about to fight ZIM #100, but that ZIM is super strong!!! Kinda like when ZIM grew muscles on himself in issue #32 to beat Dib at the Phitness Test! WOW, that was a long time ago! I can't believe I still remember that... **JUST KIDDING I REMEMBER EVERYTHING ABOUT ZIM.** And in **THIS** issue, ZIM will fight ZIM #100, and then **\*FIGHTING NOISES\* BIIUUUT** I probably shouldn't give it all away... **GO AHEAD AND READ IT** and then forget about it so I can be back next month! **IT'S MAH JOB, YA KNOW?**



Recap Kid illustrated by **MADDIE C.**,  
colored by **FRED C. STRESING**, and  
lettered by **WARREN WUCINICH**





\*AHEM!\*  
G-GREETINGS,  
INFERIOR  
ZIM!

NOW THAT YOU  
CAN SEE MY INFINITELY  
SUPERIOR ZIMNESS, I'M  
SURE YOU'VE REALIZED THAT  
FIGHTING ME WOULD  
BE POINTLESS.

SO HOW  
ABOUT WE DO...  
ANYTHING OTHER  
THAN THAT?

TINY ZIM  
TALK TOO MUCH!  
BIG ZIM HIT TINY  
ZIM!

GAH!

HOW DID I  
GET SO RIPPED?!?  
IT'S GOT TO BE SOME  
SORT OF VORTIAN  
LIQUID MATRIX  
OR—

NO! BIG  
ZIM IS ALL  
REAL, AND ALL  
MUSCLE!

IT'S BIG  
ZIM'S THING! BIG  
ZIM FOCUSED ON  
DEVELOPING THE BODY,  
AND IGNORED  
THE MIND.

BIG ZIM IS  
DISTANT FROM  
BIG ZIM'S OWN  
THOUGHTS.





IT'S WHY  
BIG ZIM SPEAKS  
IN THE THIRD  
PERSON!



GIANT ZIM.  
GIANT ZIM.  
  
PLEASE  
DON'T SEE ME,  
GIANT-



-ZIMMMMMMMMMMM!



THERE!  
NOW BIG ZIM HAS  
PROTECTED THE WEAKEST  
AND MOST USELESS  
PART OF THE BODY.  
  
THE  
THINKY  
PART.



EUGH...  
WHY ARE HIS  
VEINS SO  
BULGY?

HEY!  
WHO SAID  
THAT?



BIG ZIM  
IS HEARING TINY  
VOICES! VOICES  
THAT SOUND...  
FAMILIAR!

VOICES  
THAT SOUND LIKE...  
DIB!

...IS IT TOO  
LATE TO REQUEST  
SOME ARMOR?





NOPE!  
NO DIBS HERE!  
I'M JUST...  
UH...  
...YOUR  
CONSCIENCE!

YEAH.

YOU'RE FEELING  
CONFLICTED.

**BIG ZIM  
IS?**



BIG ZIM  
AM!

**BIG ZIM...  
ARE?**

YES! YOU  
DON'T WANT TO DO THIS  
ANYMORE! YOU'RE TIRED OF  
FIGHTING FOR NUMBER 1. AND  
IT'S BECAUSE YOU KNOW  
THESE FIGHTS ARE  
**WRONG.**

HOW ABOUT AN  
INTERMISSION?



**BUT  
BIG ZIM IS THE  
BEST AT  
FIGHTING!**

THAT'S...

...JUST YOUR...

...OPINION.



SURE, SURE,  
BIG ZIM IS THE BEST.  
BUT IN THESE FIGHTS,  
YOU'RE ONLY FIGHTING  
**OTHER ZIMS!**

DON'T YOU  
SEE? THAT MEANS  
YOU'RE REALLY JUST  
FIGHTING...

...YOURSELF.



**BIG ZIM  
IS FIGHTING...  
BIG ZIM?**

THAT'S RIGHT.  
SO EVEN WHEN  
YOU WIN, ZIM  
**LOSES.**

HAS  
ANYONE SEEN  
MY SPINE? I'M SURE  
IT'S AROUND HERE  
SOMEWHERE...



**TINY VOICE  
SAY BIG ZIM IS...  
LOSING...**

**BUT BIG  
ZIM CAN'T  
LOSE...**

YES,  
AND IT'S ALL  
NUMBER 1'S  
FAULT!

THAT'S  
WHY WE HAVE TO  
RISE UP AGAINST  
HIM AND-



NO!  
NO MORE TINY  
VOICE! BIG ZIM IS A  
WINNER!

...OH NO.

QUIET!

BIG  
ZIM IS...

...THE  
BEST AT...

...STUFF...

I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT, BUT...  
WE HAVE A SURPRISE  
VICTORY!

WHAT?!!  
WHO SAID  
THAT?!!

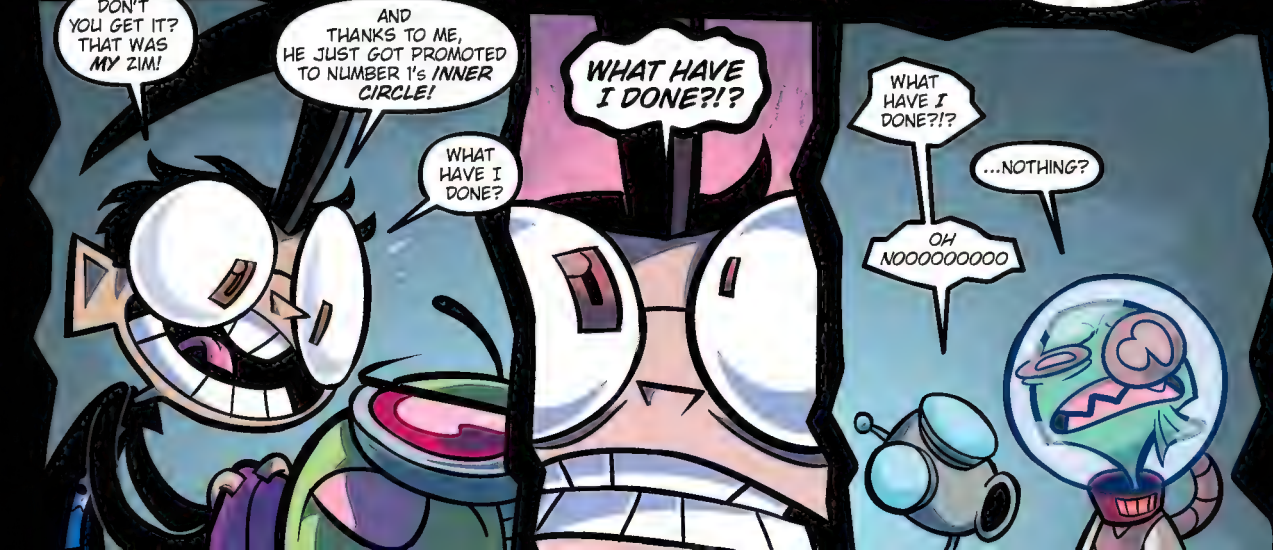
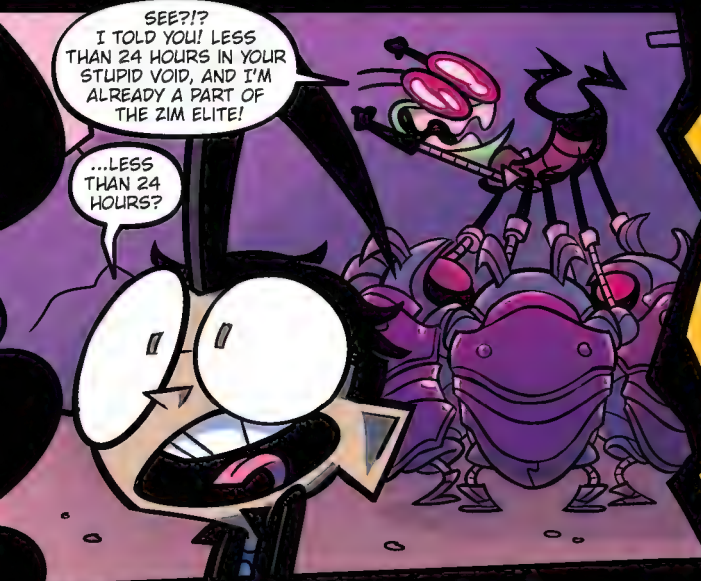
CONGRATULATIONS,  
2004. YOU ARE OUR  
NEW NUMBER 100!

I AM?

I MEAN...  
YES! OF COURSE  
I AM!

ZIM! ZIM! ZIM!



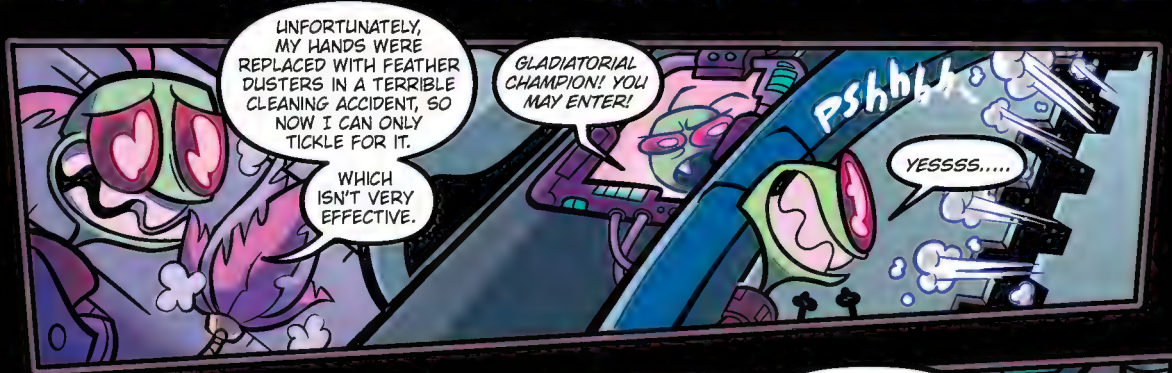






YOU'RE A LUCKY STIFF, 100. LIVING IN THE CASTLE AS ONE OF NUMBER 1'S CHOSEN FEW?

I'D KILL FOR THAT!



UNFORTUNATELY, MY HANDS WERE REPLACED WITH FEATHER DUSTERS IN A TERRIBLE CLEANING ACCIDENT, SO NOW I CAN ONLY TICKLE FOR IT.

WHICH ISN'T VERY EFFECTIVE.

GLADIATORIAL CHAMPION! YOU MAY ENTER!

YESSSS....



GREETINGS, ELITE ZIMS! IT IS I, THE MOST ELITE ZIM OF ALL. YOU MAY ASSUME YOUR UNBRIDLED...



WE ARE ZIM.  
ZIM ARE WE.

...UH... WORSHIPPING.





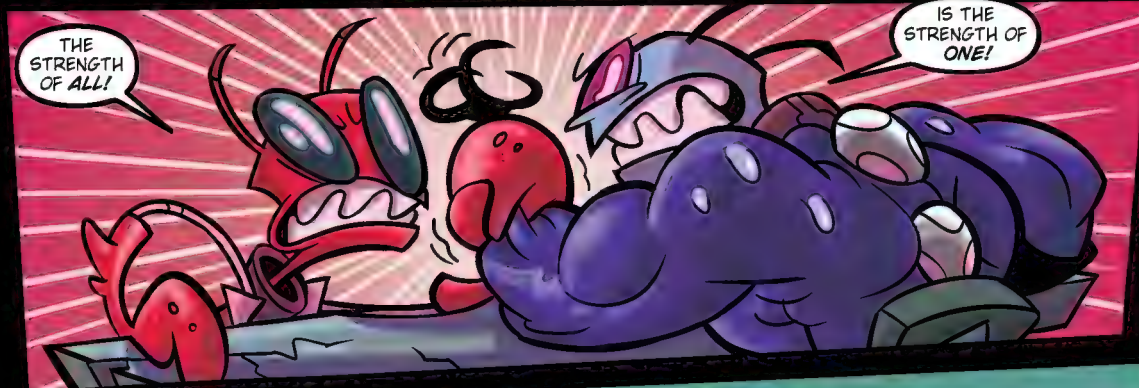
THE  
STRENGTH OF  
ONE!

*\*HNNGH!\**



IS THE  
STRENGTH  
OF ALL!

*\*HRRGH!\**



THE  
STRENGTH  
OF ALL!

IS THE  
STRENGTH OF  
ONE!



GREETINGS, BROTHER.  
ARE YOU READY TO JOIN THE  
PROGRAM AND PREPARE FOR  
THE ULTIMATE BATTLE?

I'M CONFUSED.  
IS THIS AN ARMY,  
OR A CULT?



OPEN YOUR  
MIND, BROTHER. ABANDON  
YOUR PRECONCEPTIONS  
AND EMBRACE INCREDIBLE  
NEW POSSIBILITIES.



IT'S AN  
ARMY AND  
A CULT!





AND BY CONQUERING THE ARENA, YOU'VE PROVEN THAT YOU'RE ONE OF US!

EVERY ZIM HERE IS A GREAT WARRIOR, JUST LIKE YOU!

I'M JUST SLIGHTLY GREATER. THAT'S WHY I'M NUMBER 2.

WHATEVER. WHEN DO I MEET THIS SO-CALLED "GREATEST" ZIM? WHERE IS NUMBER 1?

OH, YOU WON'T SEE NUMBER 1 UNLESS HE REQUESTS TO SEE YOU.

HE'S IN HIS PRIVATE QUARTERS, WORKING.

YES... WHATEVER WE COULD SALVAGE! HE **BUILDS** FOR US, PREPARING FOR THE DAY WHEN WE ARE READY.

AND WHILE HE DOES, WE TRAIN BY COMPLETING HIS GREAT PROGRAM!

WHY? WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT HIM?

THAT ENERGY FIELD...

HE HAS FUNCTIONAL TECH?



HA HA HA! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

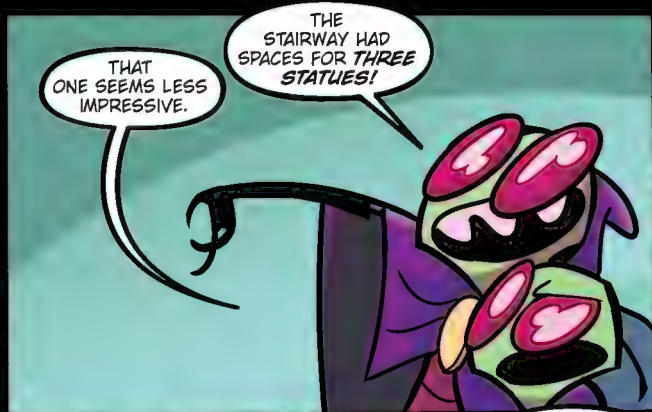
NUMBER 1 COMES FROM THE **PERFECT TIMELINE**, BROTHER! THE ONE WHERE WE GOT WHAT WE DESERVED... WHERE OUR TRUE POTENTIAL WAS RESPECTED!

NUMBER 1 DESTROYED HIS ENEMIES!

NUMBER 1 CONQUERED HIS EARTH!

NUMBER 1 ATE A VERY LARGE SANDWICH!





THAT  
ONE SEEMS LESS  
IMPRESSIVE.

THE  
STAIRWAY HAD  
SPACES FOR **THREE**  
STATUES!



AS ONE OF  
THE FEW FORTUNATE  
ENOUGH TO MEET HIM,  
BELIEVE ME... NUMBER 1  
IS THE **ULTIMATE**  
ZIM.

AND BY  
COMPLETING **THE**  
**PROGRAM**, WE CAN  
REALIZE OUR **OWN**  
ULTIMATENESS AND  
BE **EVEN MORE**  
**ULTIMATE!**



**PFT!**  
I DON'T NEED HIS  
HELP. I WAS DOING  
JUST FINE ON MY  
OWN. I AM ZIM!

YES, 100.  
WE ARE **ALL** ZIM.  
AND WE ARE **ALL**  
**GREAT!**

**ESPECIALLY**  
ME, THE ONE WHO  
IS **SLIGHTLY GREATER**  
THAN THE REST  
OF YOU.



BUT EVEN IN  
THE FACE OF OUR  
**INCREDIBLE GREATNESS**,  
EACH OF US COMES FROM  
A **FLAWED** TIMELINE.

A WORLD  
WITH ONE UNFAIR  
TURN OF FATE. ONE  
SLIGHT DISADVANTAGE.  
ONE COSMICALLY  
UNJUST **THING**.



LIKE 77,  
HERE. HE TWISTED  
HIS ELBOW CRUSHING HUMANS.  
NOW HE CAN ONLY BENCH PRESS  
THREE TIMES HIS OWN  
WEIGHT.

I'M SO  
ASHAMED.



OR 30!  
NO MATTER HOW  
HARD HE TRIES, THERE'S  
ONE PART OF HIS BODY  
THAT STILL FEELS  
PAIN.

OW!  
MY LEFT  
EYE!



OR EVEN...  
EVEN ME. YOU KNOW  
HOW MOST ZIMS CAN  
THROW VIBRATING IRKEN  
DEATH BLADES WITH A  
99.7% ACCURACY?

UH...

WELL  
I...

...I CAN  
ONLY THROW  
THEM WITH A 99.4%  
ACCURACY.

STUPID! STUPID!  
STUPID!

UH...

BUT  
IT'S ALWAYS  
SOMETHING,  
100.

WHAT  
ABOUT YOU?  
WHAT'S YOUR  
THING?

NOTHING!  
I DON'T HAVE  
A THING!

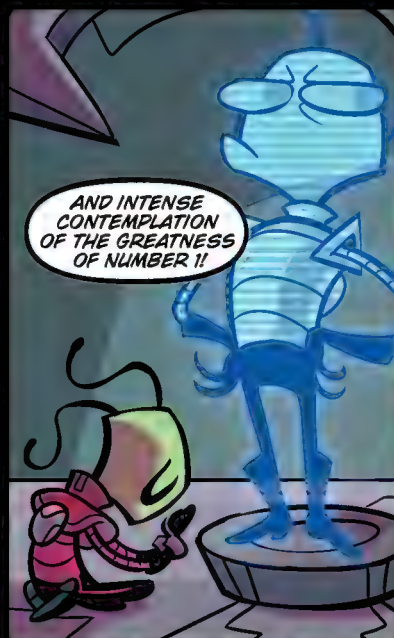
I'M  
PERFECT IN  
EVERY CONCEIVABLE  
WAY. AND EVERY  
INCONCEIVABLE  
WAY!

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
PERFECT ZIM,  
100. FOR  
NOW.

BUT ONCE  
WE COMPLETE THE  
PROGRAM, WE'LL ALL BE  
PERFECT ZIMS, READY TO  
CONQUER ALL OUR  
WORLDS! EVEN  
YOU!

ALL YOU  
NEED IS A STRICT  
DAILY TRAINING  
REGIME OF...









WHAT?  
I THOUGHT  
YOU WANTED  
HIM TO STOP  
FIGHTING.

I WANTED HIM  
TO STOP FIGHTING US!  
NOT FOR YOU TO USE YOUR  
STUPID BABY VOICE TO TURN  
HIM INTO SOME STUPID  
SELF-LOATHING BABY  
LIKE YOU.



HEY!  
I'M ONLY SELF-  
LOATHING SOME  
OF THE TIME!

FAILURE.  
BIG ZIM IS A  
FAILURE.

THE  
ONLY THING  
GREATER THAN BIG  
ZIM'S MUSCLES...  
IS BIG ZIM'S  
SADNESS.

WE'VE  
GOT BIGGER  
THINGS TO  
WORRY ABOUT,  
BIG GUY.

MY ZIM TOOK  
YOUR PLACE AS A  
PART OF NUMBER 1'S ELITE.  
WHAT WILL HE BE DOING  
NOW? WHAT'S GOING ON  
IN THAT CASTLE?

THE  
PROGRAM.

NUMBER 1  
TRAINS US.  
PREPARES US TO GO  
HOME AND CONQUER  
OUR EARTHS, AS  
HE DID.

ALSO  
LIGHTS US ON  
FIRE A LOT FOR  
SOME REASON.

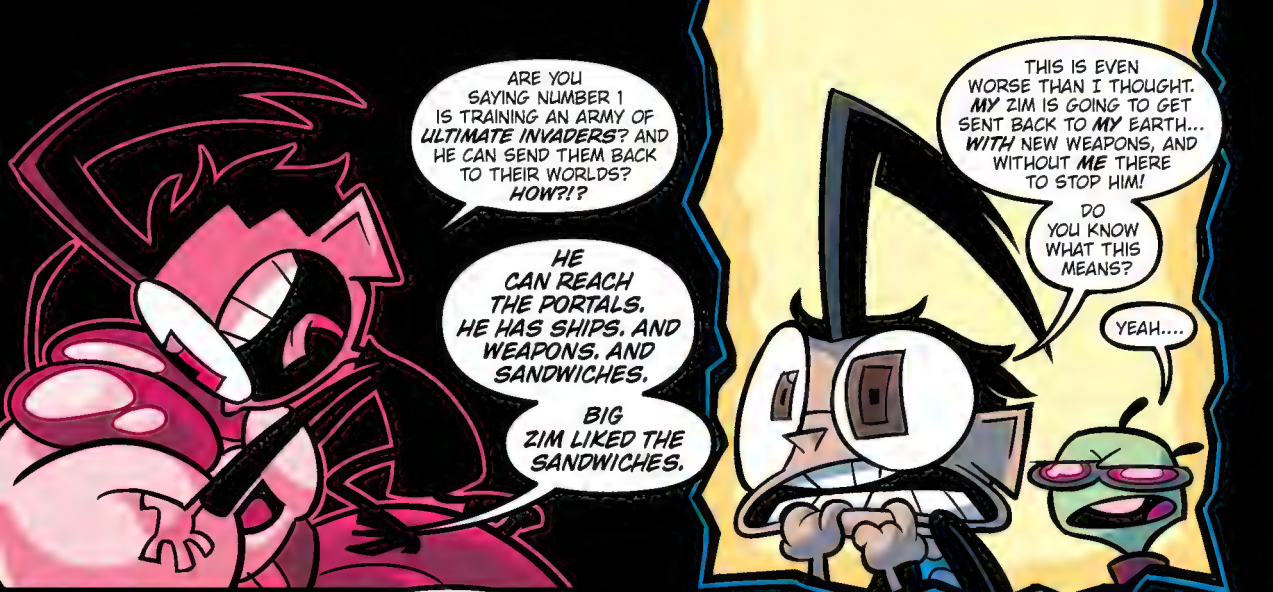


BUT NOW  
BIG ZIM WILL  
NEVER GO HOME.  
OR GET LIT ON  
FIRE AGAIN.

\*SIGH\*...  
I REMEMBER  
WHEN I COULD BE  
LIT ON FIRE.

WHOA,  
HOLD ON A  
MINUTE!





ARE YOU SAYING NUMBER 1 IS TRAINING AN ARMY OF **ULTIMATE INVADERS**? AND HE CAN SEND THEM BACK TO THEIR WORLDS? **HOW?!**

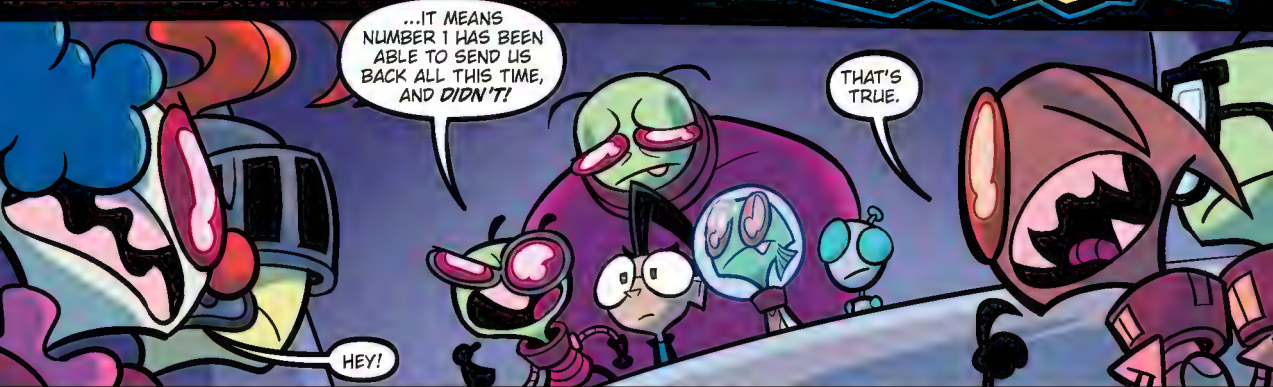
HE CAN REACH THE PORTALS. HE HAS SHIPS, AND WEAPONS, AND SANDWICHES.

BIG ZIM LIKED THE SANDWICHES.

THIS IS EVEN WORSE THAN I THOUGHT. MY ZIM IS GOING TO GET SENT BACK TO MY EARTH... **WITH** NEW WEAPONS, AND WITHOUT **ME** THERE TO STOP HIM!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

YEAH....



...IT MEANS NUMBER 1 HAS BEEN ABLE TO SEND US BACK ALL THIS TIME, AND **DIDN'T!**

THAT'S TRUE.

HEY!



AND NOW THIS **NEW** ZIM FROM **THIS** PATHETIC-EXCUSE-FOR-A-DIB'S TIMELINE GETS TO GO HOME, WHILE THE REST OF US KEEP ROTTING HERE?!

UH, THAT WASN'T REALLY MY--



THE BABY IS RIGHT! I SHOULD BE CONQUERING MY EARTH, NOT GUARDING YOU MORONS.

YEAH! WHY AM I OUT HERE BUSTING MY NOODLES?

YES! RISE UP, FELLOW ZIMS! IT'S TIME!



LET'S DEPOSE NUMBER 1, TAKE CONTROL OF HIS TECHNOLOGY, AND CONQUER OUR EARTHS!

AND GET SANDWICHES!

UM, I MEAN... THAT **MOSTLY** SOUNDS GOOD. BUT WHAT IF WE JUST SKIPPED THAT LAST PART?

THE PART WITH THE SANDWICHES?!

I HATE THIS STUPID PLACE...



BURNING FOR  
ONE IS BURNING  
FOR ALL!

BURNING FOR  
ALL IS BURNING  
FOR ONE!

*Abbbbbb!*

HEY THERE,  
NEWBIE. HOW GOES  
THE TRAINING?

I'M  
LITERALLY  
ON FIRE!

DON'T WORRY.  
YOU'LL GROW LESS  
FLAMMABLE IN  
TIME.

BUT IN THE  
MEANTIME... I  
HAVE EXCITING  
NEWS!

*PSHT*

YOU  
DO?

YES!  
FOR ME!

I'VE  
OFFICIALLY  
COMPLETED THE  
PROGRAM! NUMBER 1  
HAS CHOSEN *ME* TO  
BE THE FIRST TO  
LEAVE THE  
ZIMVOID.

BUT I'M THE  
GREATEST ZIM. THAT  
SHOULD BE *MY* UPGRADE!  
*MY* ARSENAL! *MY*  
INSUFFERABLE  
GLOATING!

OH, I'M SURE  
YOU'LL GET YOUR  
CHANCE IN THE FUTURE,  
ONCE YOU'VE TRAINED  
MORE.

AND  
DON'T BURN  
SO EASILY.

BUT IN THE  
MEANTIME, YOU HAVE  
YOUR OWN SPECIAL  
ASSIGNMENT...

LEAVE?  
YOU CAN *DO*  
THAT?

NUMBER 1 CAN!  
HE'S SENDING ME BACK TO  
MY HOME TIMELINE, ARMED WITH A  
STATE-OF-THE-ART PAK UPGRADE,  
ARSENAL OF WEAPONS, AND NEW  
SHIP... JUST LIKE I'VE  
ALWAYS DESERVED.

AT LAST,  
EARTH WILL BOW  
BEFORE ZIM!

...GUARD  
DUTY!

WHAT?!?



MY SPECIAL  
ASSIGNMENT IS  
SITTING HERE AND  
LOOKING OUT A  
WINDOW?

NOW, NOW.  
IT MIGHT SEEM  
LIKE A BORING JOB,  
BUT TRUST ME...  
THINGS CAN GET  
PLENTY...

...HOT!



WEIRD.  
THERE'S USUALLY  
FLAMETHROWERS IN  
HERE, TOO.

WHY?!



THIS WOULD  
NORMALLY BE MY SHIFT,  
BUT I'M GOING TO BE BUSY,  
YOU KNOW... GETTING UPGRADED  
TO BE THE ULTIMATE ZIM  
AND EVERYTHING.

BUT DO A GOOD  
JOB, AND I'M SURE  
YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE  
AT ULTIMATE GREATNESS,  
TOO. LIKE, MAYBE IN  
A FEW YEARS.

GRRR...



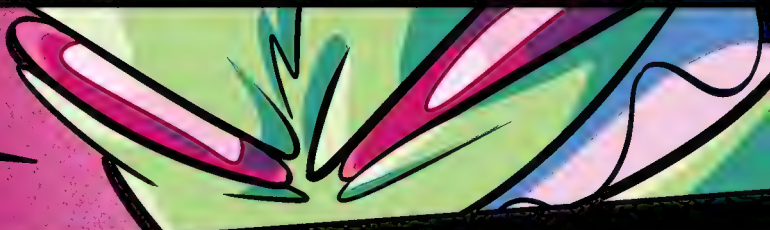
THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS. ME?  
A MERE LOOKOUT?  
I REFUSE!

IF THESE  
RIDICULOUS INFERIOR  
COPIES WON'T GIVE ME  
WHAT I DESERVE...



...THEN  
I'LL GIVE IT  
TO ME.

BY  
TAKING  
IT.



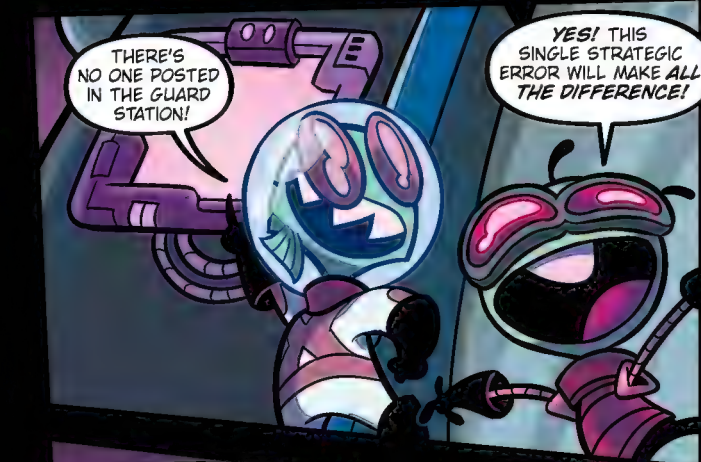




...MY  
FELLOW ZIMS!  
TODAY IS THE  
DAY!

TODAY IS  
THE DAY WE FREE  
OURSELVES FROM THE  
OPPRESSION OF OUR  
OTHER, **STUPIDER**  
SELVES!

AND HEY,  
LOOK!



THERE'S  
NO ONE POSTED  
IN THE GUARD  
STATION!

**YES!** THIS  
SINGLE STRATEGIC  
ERROR WILL MAKE **ALL**  
THE DIFFERENCE!

UM, I DON'T  
KNOW. IT SOUNDS LIKE  
THERE'S A LOT OF LARGE,  
HEAVY, PARTIALLY BURNED  
ZIMS ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THIS.

ARE WE  
REALLY SURE A  
FRONTAL ASSAULT IN  
BROAD DAYLIGHT IS THE  
BEST STRATEGIC-



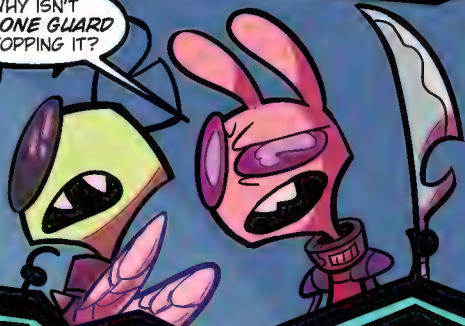
**BIG ZIM**  
IS A MASTER OF  
STRATEGY! **BIG ZIM**  
HAS EMBRACED  
INTELLECTUAL  
SIDE!

AHHHH!



WHAT'S THAT  
AT THE GATE? IT  
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE  
IS BASHING IT WITH A  
PARTICULARLY LARGE  
HEAD!

WHY ISN'T  
OUR **ONE** GUARD  
STOPPING IT?







**CHARGE!**

FOR  
THE GLORY  
OF ZIM!

WE'RE  
ALL ZIM!

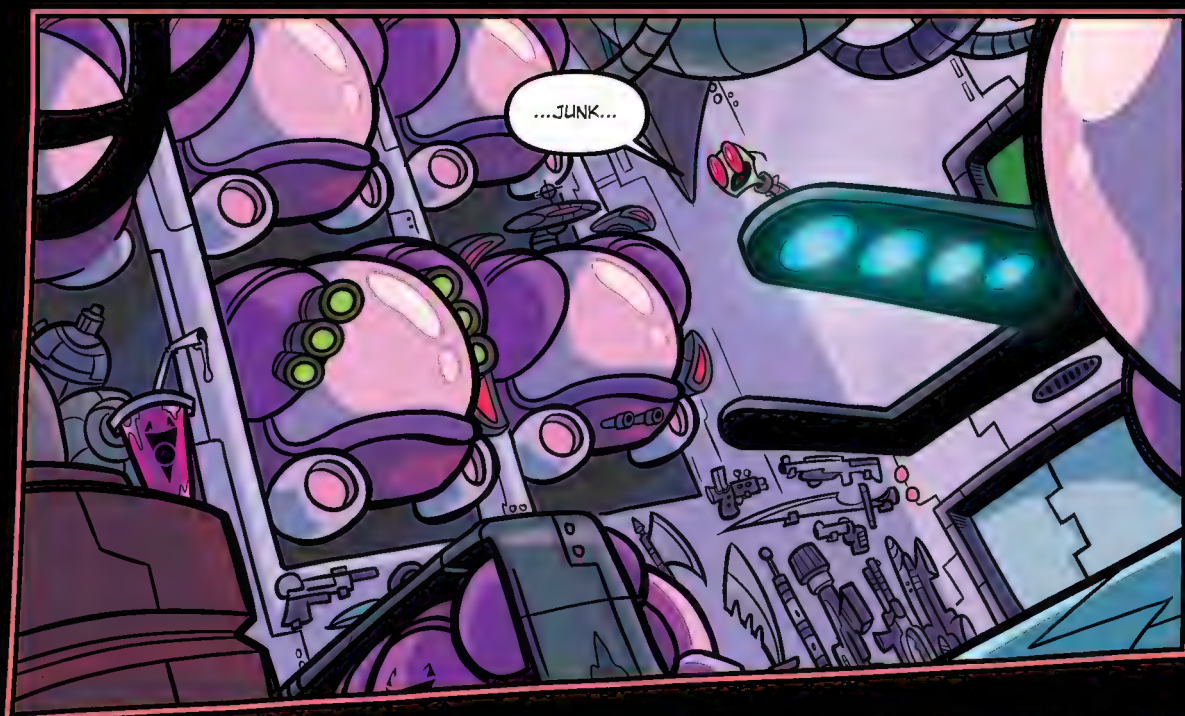
FOR  
THE GLORY  
OF CERTAIN,  
SPECIFIC  
ZIMS!





THAT MORON NUMBER 2 WAS PROBABLY JUST EXAGGERATING.

THIS ENTIRE ASTEROID IS JUST ONE BIG GARBAGE HEAP. HOW MUCH OF AN ARMORY COULD SOMEONE ACTUALLY BUILD OUT OF ALL THAT-



WE DID IT! IT WAS A HARSH BATTLE, BUT OUR SIDE HAS EMERGED VICTORIOUS.







ALMOST  
EVERYONE ON OUR  
SIDE GOT THE SNOT  
KICKED OUT OF THEM  
EXCEPT FOR YOU.

FINE.  
THEN I JUST  
EMERGED VICTORIOUS.  
THAT'S BASICALLY THE  
SAME THING.



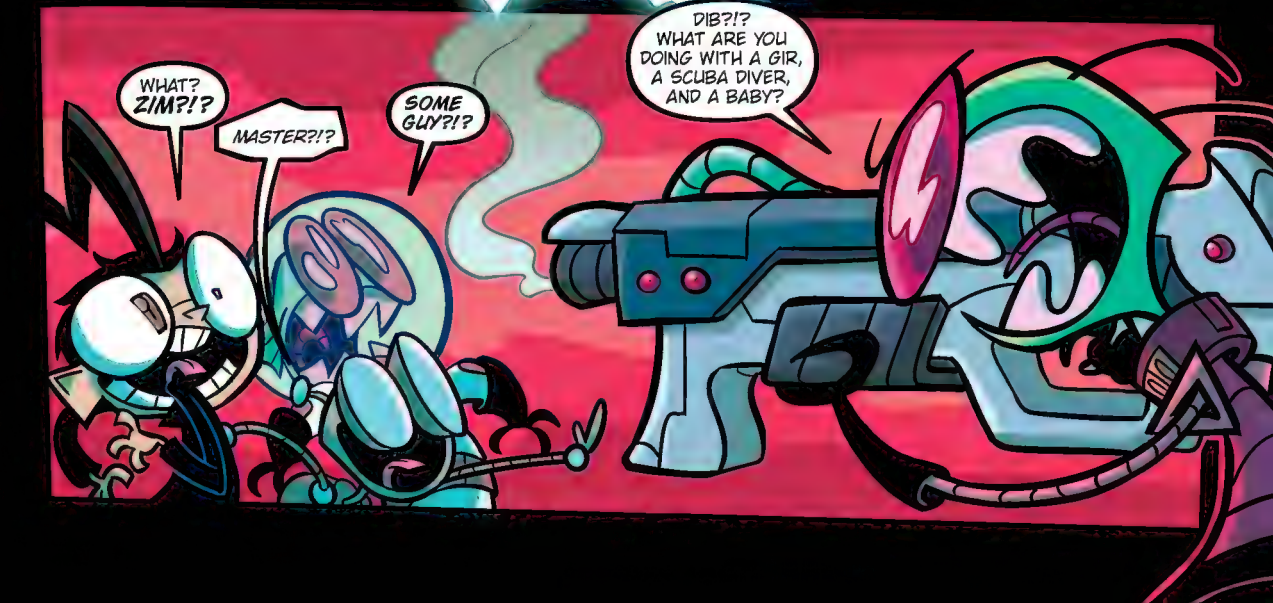
AND  
NOW, I CAN  
FINALLY LOOK  
THIS SO-CALLED  
NUMBER 1 IN THE  
EYE AND  
SAY—



HGGGKKK!



OOH,  
THIS ZAPS  
PRETTY  
GOOD.



WHAT?  
ZIM?!!

MASTER?!!

SOME  
GUY?!!

DIB?!?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING WITH A GIRL,  
A SCUBA DIVER,  
AND A BABY?









NUMBER 1!  
I HAVE DONE WHAT  
NO OTHER ZIM COULD DO.  
(APPARENTLY.) I HAVE  
CAPTURED THE LEADERS  
OF THE RESISTANCE!

I DEMAND TO  
BE ACKNOWLEDGED  
FOR THE SUPERIOR  
ZIM I AM!

YES...

UM...  
RIGHT. GOOD.  
NOW—

...WAIT.  
WHO IS THAT  
BACK THERE?

EXCELLENT  
WORK, NUMBER  
100.

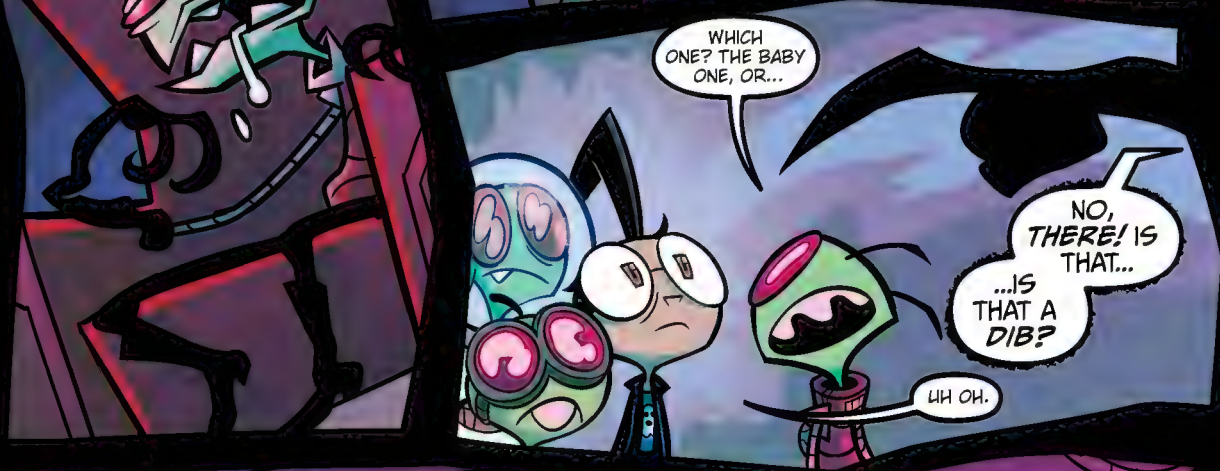
YOU WILL BE  
REWARDED.

WHICH  
ONE? THE BABY  
ONE, OR...

NO,  
THERE! IS  
THAT...

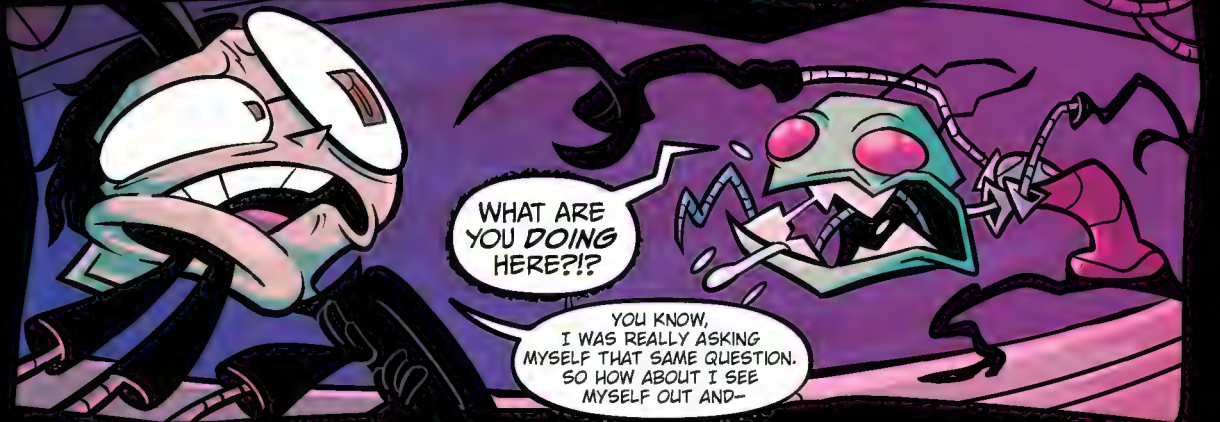
...IS  
THAT A  
DIB?

UH OH.



WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?!

YOU KNOW,  
I WAS REALLY ASKING  
MYSELF THAT SAME QUESTION.  
SO HOW ABOUT I SEE  
MYSELF OUT AND—





\*RGH,\*  
NO! DIDN'T YOU  
GET THE **SIGNAL**?  
DON'T YOU  
UNDERSTAND?

...THE  
WHAT? I  
DON'T--

PSH  
HHHT!

EWUUGH!

WHAT?!!

NO...  
IT CAN'T  
BE...

NUMBER 1  
IS... IS...

...A  
DIB?!?



# INVADER ZIM



## CHAPTER: 4

illustration by **MADDIE C.** with **FRED C. STRESING**




WELCOME TO THE END OF INVADER ZIM! Just kidding! Just the end of this story, that was FOUR PARTS! NOW WE'RE AT PART FOUR! NO MORE AFTER THIS!!!!!! OKAY? DO YOU UNDERSTAND? LET'S GO! Last time: ZIM beat ZIM #100 and got to be one of the ELITE ZIMS who are all obsessed with the number ONE ZIM and that ZIM turned out to actually be a DIB! WOW! So, that's really weird, right?????!!! That was the last page! And I was like... WHOA! HOLD ON! STOP! And the comic DID stop because it was the last page... ehhehe. NOW WE HAVE MORE PAGES! What's gonna happen? I FORGOT TO READ IT BEFORE YOU GOT HERE, I'M SORRY! I'M GONNA GO BACK IN THE HOLE FOR A BIT. Until I want to come out again. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.



Recap Kid illustrated by **MADDIE C.**,  
colored by **FRED C. STRESING**, and  
lettered by **WARREN WUCINICH**





THAT'S RIGHT, ZIMS. ALL THIS TIME, YOUR SUPREME LEADER... YOUR "ULTIMATE ZIM"... WAS ACTUALLY THE **ULTIMATE DIB!**

SURPRISED?

OF COURSE NOT. I TOTALLY SAW THIS COMING.

NOT AS SOON AS I SAW IT COMING!

OH, LOOKIT! IT'S SOME KINDA **ZIB MAN!**

HA HA HA! NO, NO, STUPID ROBOT. I'M JUST A REGULAR OLD DIB.

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT **HAPPENED** TO YOU?

EVERYTHING WE EVER WANTED, DIB. EVERYTHING WE EVER **DREAMED!**

IN MY TIMELINE, I **DEFEATED MY ZIM**. I SAVED EARTH!

BUT THAT WAS JUST THE START.

BY REVERSE ENGINEERING THE WEAPONS IN ZIM'S LAB, I MASTERED IRKEN TECH...

AND LEARNED HOW TO CREATE POWERFUL ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE WEAPONS THAT COULD **DISABLE** AND **DESTROY** IT.

**IMPOSSIBLE.** NO HALF-BRAINED HUMAN MEAT MONKEY COULD EVER FIGURE OUT HOW TO BUILD SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE WEAPONS? YOU MEAN LIKE THAT GIANT ZAPPER THING WE ALL HIT?

**EXACTLY!** AND WITH IT, I WAS ABLE TO **WIPE OUT** THE ENTIRE IRKEN EMPIRE, LIBERATING MILLIONS FROM THEIR TYRANNY.

NOW WE'RE REVERED ACROSS THE GALAXY, EARNING THE LOVE AND RESPECT OF PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!





...EVEN THE PEOPLE WHO THINK WE HAVE A BIG HEAD?

OH, NO ONE THINKS WE HAVE A BIG HEAD ANYMORE, DIB. THEY ALL JUST THINK *THEY* HAVE *SMALL* HEADS.

IN FACT, A "DIB'S HEAD" IS NOW THE GALACTIC STANDARD UNIT OF MEASUREMENT!

BUT ONCE I DISCOVERED THIS *DIMENSIONAL NEXUS* WHILE EXPLORING PANDORA'S QUADRANGLE, I REALIZED MY WORK WASN'T DONE YET.

MY WORLD WAS SAFE... BUT THERE WERE STILL COUNTLESS *ALTERNATE* TIMELINES WHERE THE IRKENS REMAINED UNDEFEATED. SO I BEGAN MY MASTER PLAN TO SAVE *ALL* EARTHS, EVERYWHERE!



WOW...

FIRST, I CREATED A FAKE IRKEN DISTRESS SIGNAL... ONE THAT LURED HUNDREDS OF ALTERNATE ZIMS HERE, THROUGH THE PANDORA'S QUADRANGLES OF HUNDREDS OF ALTERNATE EARTHS.

THEN, I FORCED THE ZIMS TO FIGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES, SO THAT I COULD SINGLE OUT THE ONES THAT WERE THE GREATEST THREATS.

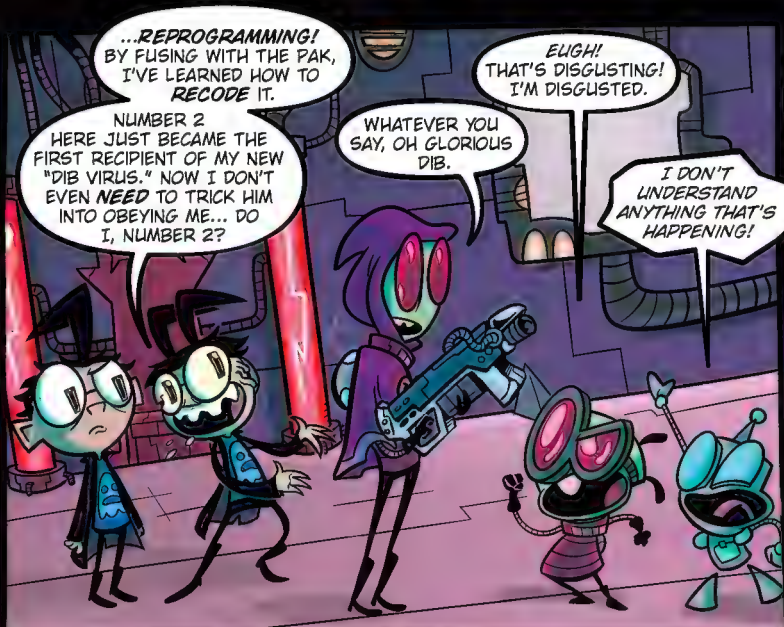
AND ALSO BECAUSE IT WAS FUNNY.

THEN I BUSIED THE BEST OF THEM WITH ENDLESS TRAINING, EXPLOITING THEIR EGOS TO TURN THEM INTO OBSESSIVE, OBEDIENT SOLDIERS.

AND NOW, I'M READY FOR THE FINAL PHASE OF MY PLAN...







...REPROGRAMMING!  
BY FUSING WITH THE PAK,  
I'VE LEARNED HOW TO  
RECODE IT.

EUGH!  
THAT'S DISGUSTING!  
I'M DISGUSTED.

WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, OH GLORIOUS  
DIB.

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
ANYTHING THAT'S  
HAPPENING!

NUMBER 2  
HERE JUST BECAME THE  
FIRST RECIPIENT OF MY NEW  
"DIB VIRUS." NOW I DON'T  
EVEN *NEED* TO TRICK HIM  
INTO OBEYING ME... DO  
I, NUMBER 2?



A ZIM THIS  
**IMPRESSIVE**  
WILL **EASILY** GAIN  
AN AUDIENCE WITH THE  
HIGHEST RANKS OF  
ANOTHER TIMELINE'S  
IRKEN EMPIRE.

AND ONCE  
HE DOES, HIS  
PAK WILL UNLEASH  
THE VIRUS, INFECTING  
AND DISABLING THE  
ENTIRE ARMADA  
IN ONE FELL  
SWOOP.



AND THEN...  
I'LL DO IT AGAIN! MORE  
AND MORE ZIMS, INFECTING MORE  
AND MORE ARMADAS, UNTIL THE  
NIGHTMARISH OPPRESSION OF THE  
IRKEN EMPIRE HAS BEEN WIPED  
AWAY FROM EVERY TIMELINE  
IN EXISTENCE!

OH MY  
GOD. THAT'S...  
THAT'S...



...AWESOME.

I KNEW  
YOU'D FEEL THAT  
WAY, FELLOW DIB.  
BUT THERE'S ONE  
THING I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.

WHY DID  
YOU COME  
HERE?



THE IRKEN DISTRESS  
SIGNAL I USE TO LURE ALL THE  
ZIMS... IT HAS A **CODED MESSAGE**  
HIDDEN INSIDE IT. ONE THAT WARNS  
ALL DIBS TO **IGNORE** THE SIGNAL  
AND NEVER COME HERE. DIDN'T  
YOU NOTICE IT?

OH! I MEAN...  
NOT **EXACTLY**, NO.  
BUT I WAS IN A PRETTY  
BIG HURRY, AND MY SHIP  
WAS BEING A REAL-



**INTERESTING!**  
IT'S JUST... IN ALL THIS TIME,  
FROM HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS  
OF DIFFERENT TIMELINES... YOU'RE  
ACTUALLY THE **ONLY DIB** WHO  
EVER MISSED IT. THE  
ONLY ONE!

ISN'T THAT  
FUNNY?

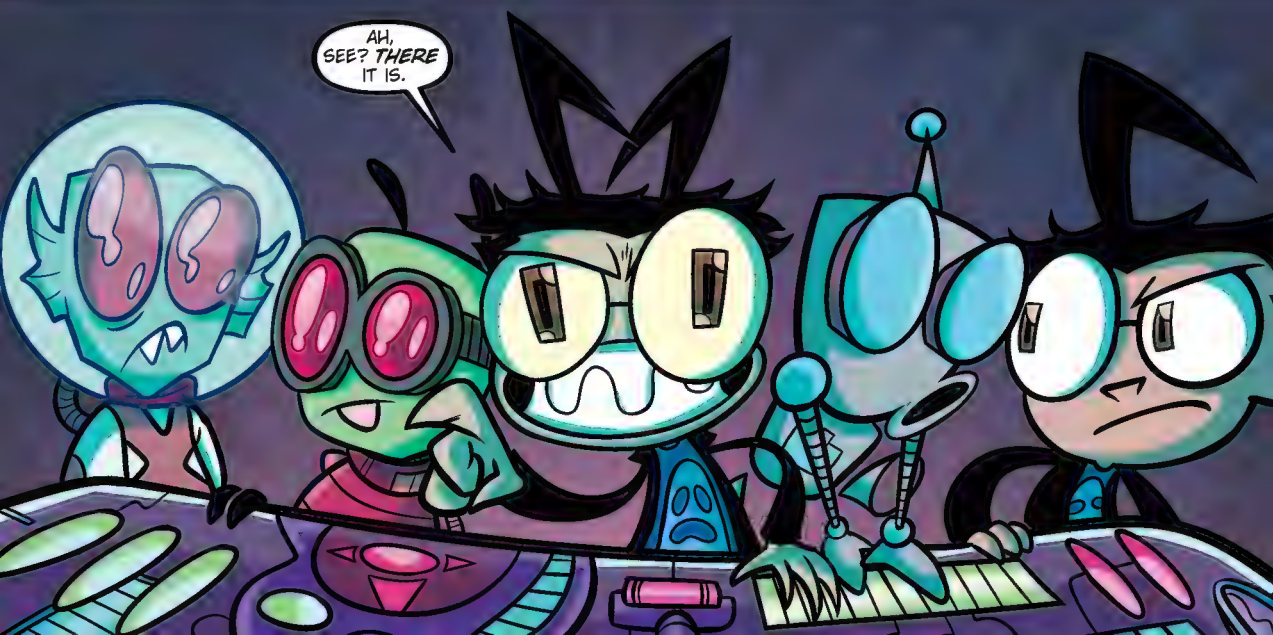
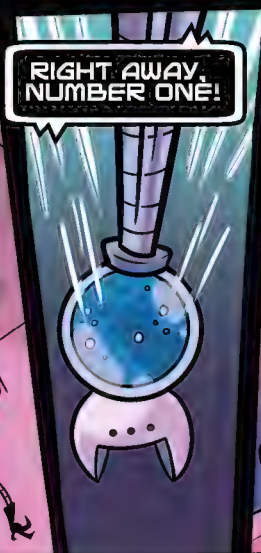
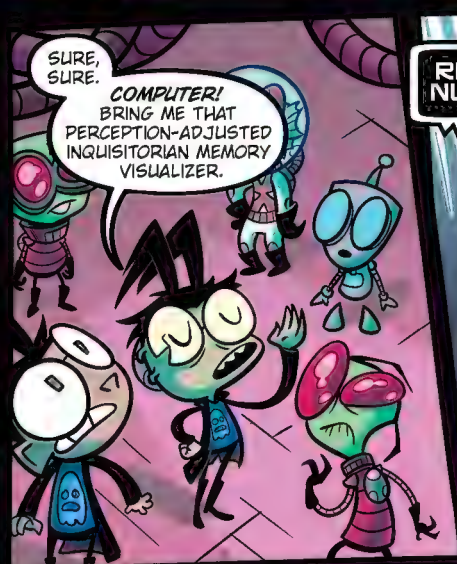


...OH.

WELL, DON'T  
BEAT YOURSELF UP ABOUT  
IT. I MEAN, I CAN SEE WHY  
YOU MIGHT BE A LITTLE SOFT.  
BECAUSE THIS IS **DEFINITELY**  
THE WORST ZIM I'VE  
EVER SEEN.

EXCUSE  
ME?











WELL, THERE IT IS. OF ALL THE ZIMS IN ALL THE TIMELINES, ACROSS THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE... YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO ACCIDENTALLY ATE THOSE STYROFOAM PACKING PEANUTS.

WHAT?

WHAT?

SERIOUSLY? YOUR THING IS... ACCIDENTALLY EATING STYROFOAM?

IT... IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! ZIM DOESN'T MAKE MISTAKES! I MEANT TO EAT THOSE PACKING PEANUTS. THEY WERE DELICIOUS!

THAT'S THE DUMBEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.

I GOTTA SAY, ZIM, I'M IMPRESSED. IN MY TIME HERE, I'VE SEEN SOME TRULY, *TRULY* PATHETIC EXCUSES FOR ZIMS. BUT YOU ARE, WITHOUT QUESTION, THE *MOST PATHETIC* ZIM I HAVE EVER SEEN.

PEOPLE LIKE BABIES.

BUT... BUT THAT ONE IS A LITERAL BABY!

BUT YEAH, YOU'RE *ALL* PRETTY SORRY EXCUSES FOR ZIMS, TO BE HONEST. TRULY THE WORST OF THE WORST.

NO. ZIM... ZIM IS THE *BEST*.

THIS IS ALL WRONG.

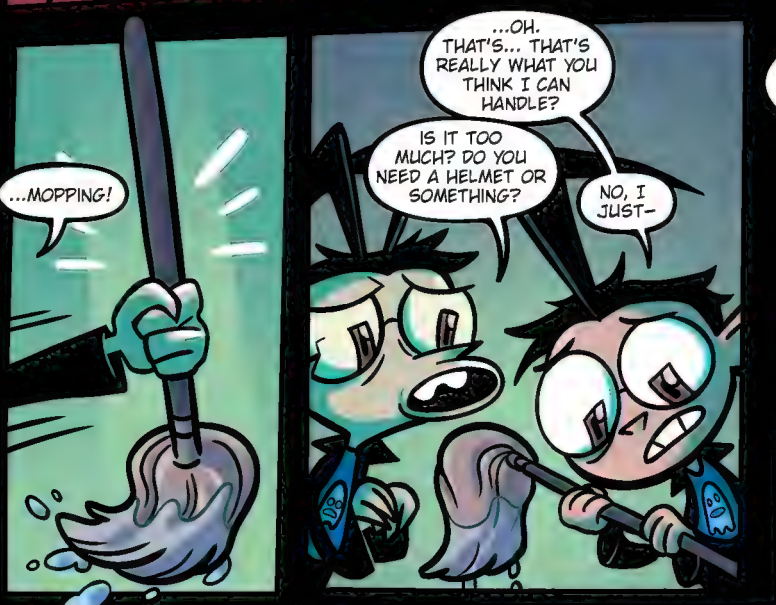
NUMBER 2, TAKE THESE LOSERS TO THE DUNGEON UNTIL I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING TO USE THEM FOR.

THIS IS ALL WRONG.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU WANNABE! YOU IMPOSTOR! YOU... YOU ZIB!

DON'T CALL ME THAT.









...ALL THIS TIME, I'VE BEEN DOING **EVERYTHING I COULD** TO STOP ZIM. AND I'VE GOTTEN NOWHERE. SOMETIMES, I'VE BARELY EVEN SURVIVED.

BUT NUMBER ONE... HE JUST **DID IT!** HE DEFEATED THE **ENTIRE IRKEN ARMADA**. AND NOW HE'S GOING TO DO IT AGAIN!

WAS TAKI'S SHIP RIGHT? WAS DEFEATING ZIM NEVER ACTUALLY THAT HARD? WAS THE PROBLEM JUST... ME?

I MEAN, I CAN'T **REALLY** BE THE WORST DIB... CAN I?

I JUST... I JUST HAVE TO KNOW HOW THIS OTHER **DIB** DID IT. HOW DID HE DEFEAT ZIM? I HAVE TO KNOW.

IF ONLY SOMETHING COULD **SHOW ME HIS TIMELINE**. THEN, I-



AFFIRMATIVE. NUMBER ONE. DISPLAYING DATABASE OF TIMELINE RECON FOOTAGE.



WHICH TIMELINE DO YOU WISH TO VIEW, NUMBER ONE?

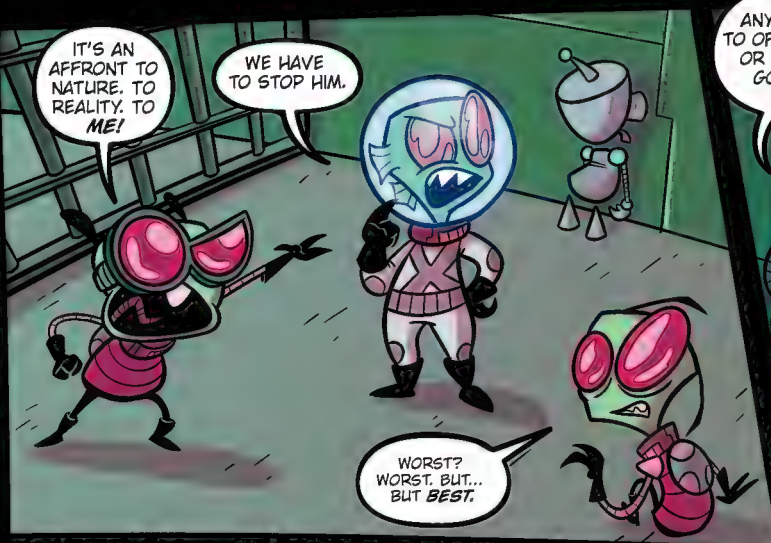
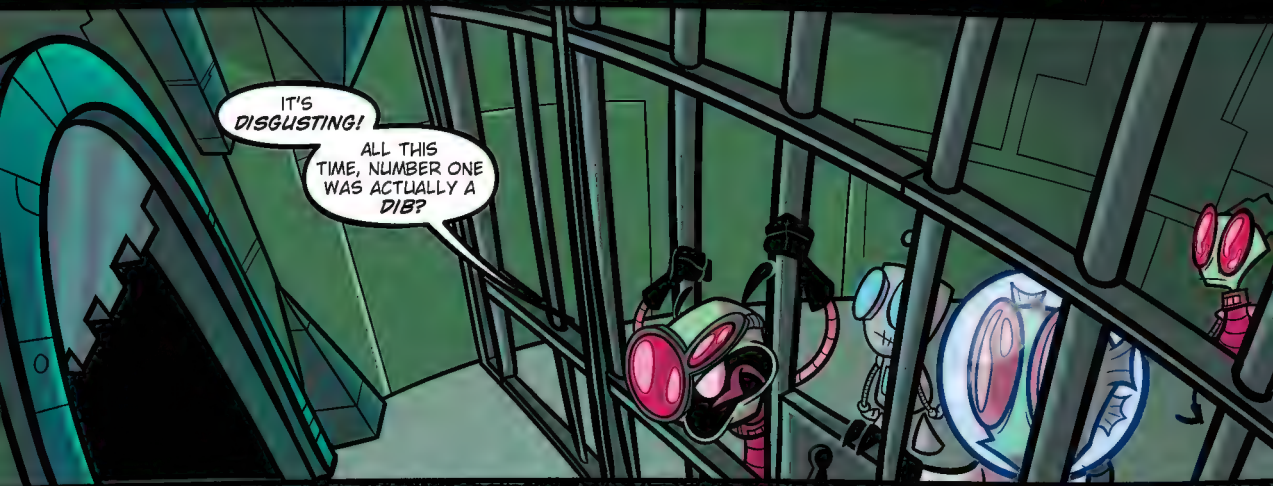
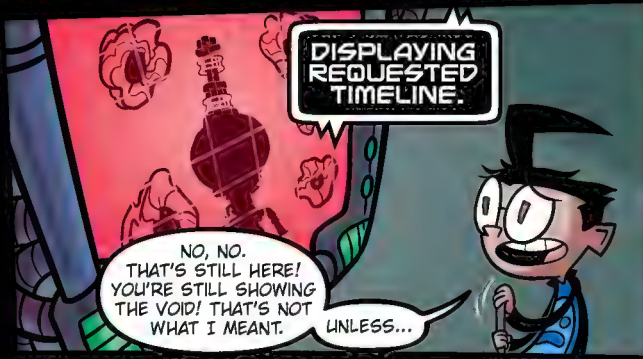
UM... RIGHT. SHOW ME NUMBER ONE'S HOME TIMELINE.

I MEAN... **MY** HOME TIMELINE.

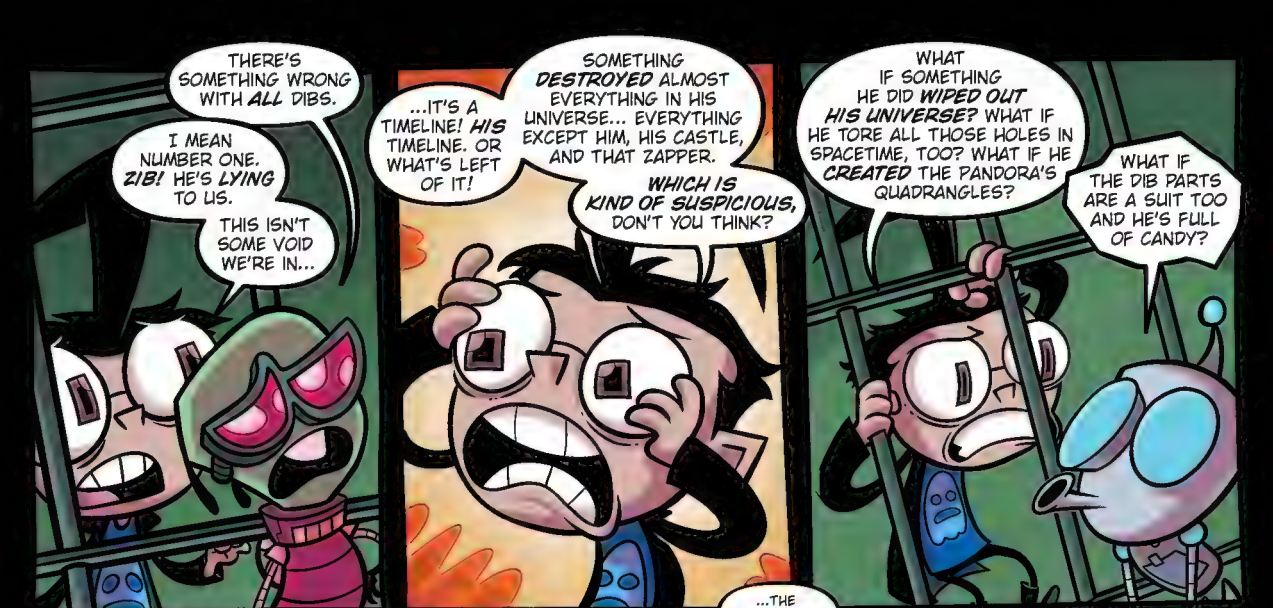
BECAUSE I'M NUMBER ONE. OBVIOUSLY.











THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ALL DIBS.

I MEAN NUMBER ONE. ZIB! HE'S LYING TO US.

THIS ISN'T SOME VOID WE'RE IN...

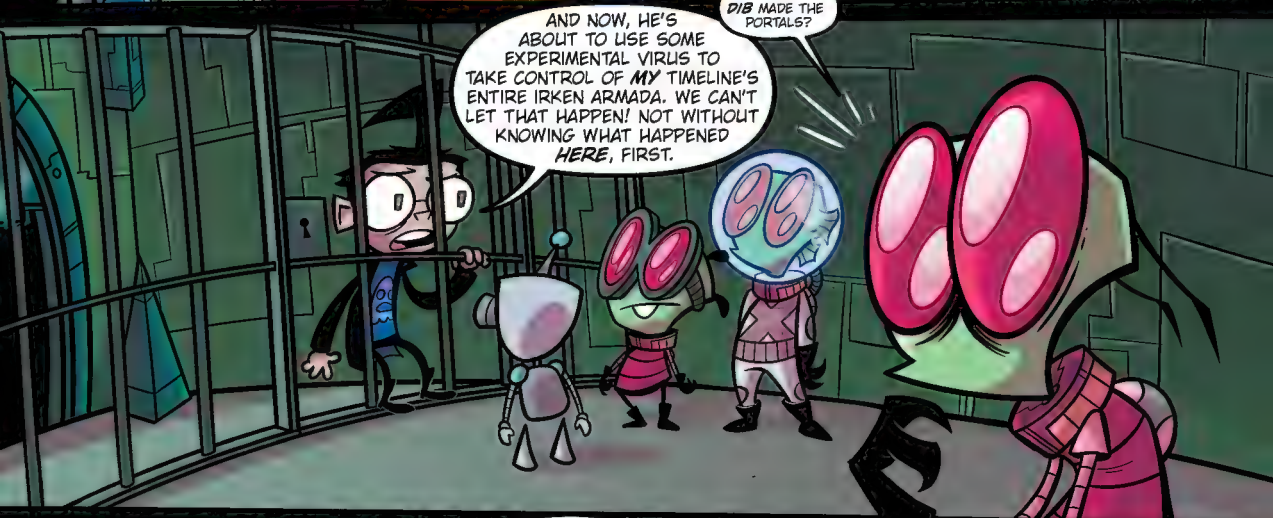
...IT'S A TIMELINE! HIS TIMELINE. OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!

SOMETHING DESTROYED ALMOST EVERYTHING IN HIS UNIVERSE... EVERYTHING EXCEPT HIM, HIS CASTLE, AND THAT ZAPPER.

WHICH IS KIND OF SUSPICIOUS, DON'T YOU THINK?

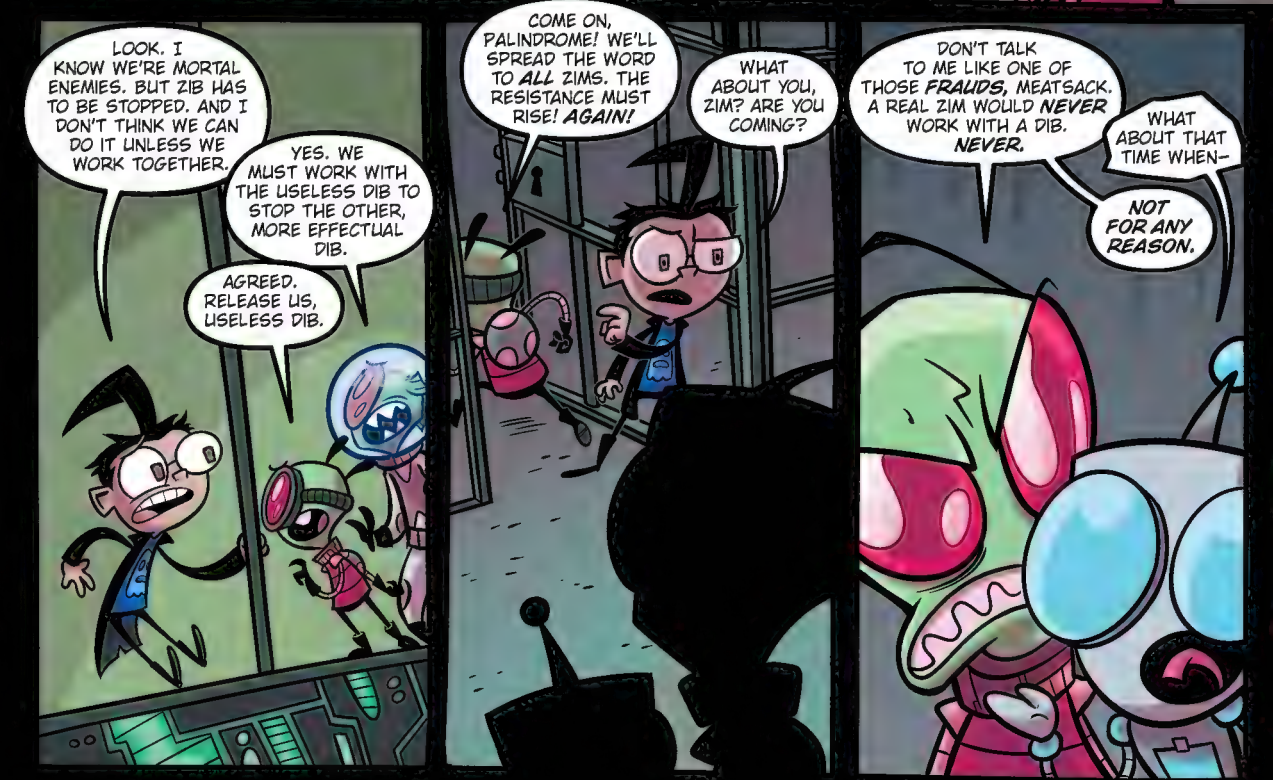
WHAT IF SOMETHING HE DID WIPED OUT HIS UNIVERSE? WHAT IF HE TORE ALL THOSE HOLES IN SPACETIME, TOO? WHAT IF HE CREATED THE PANDORA'S QUADRANGLES?

WHAT IF THE DIB PARTS ARE A SUIT TOO AND HE'S FULL OF CANDY?



AND NOW, HE'S ABOUT TO USE SOME EXPERIMENTAL VIRUS TO TAKE CONTROL OF MY TIMELINE'S ENTIRE IRKEN ARMADA. WE CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN! NOT WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT HAPPENED HERE, FIRST.

...THE DIB MADE THE PORTALS?



LOOK. I KNOW WE'RE MORTAL ENEMIES. BUT ZIB HAS TO BE STOPPED. AND I DON'T THINK WE CAN DO IT UNLESS WE WORK TOGETHER.

YES. WE MUST WORK WITH THE USELESS DIB TO STOP THE OTHER, MORE EFFECTUAL DIB.

AGREED. RELEASE US, USELESS DIB.

COME ON, PALINDROME! WE'LL SPREAD THE WORD TO ALL ZIMS. THE RESISTANCE MUST RISE! AGAIN!

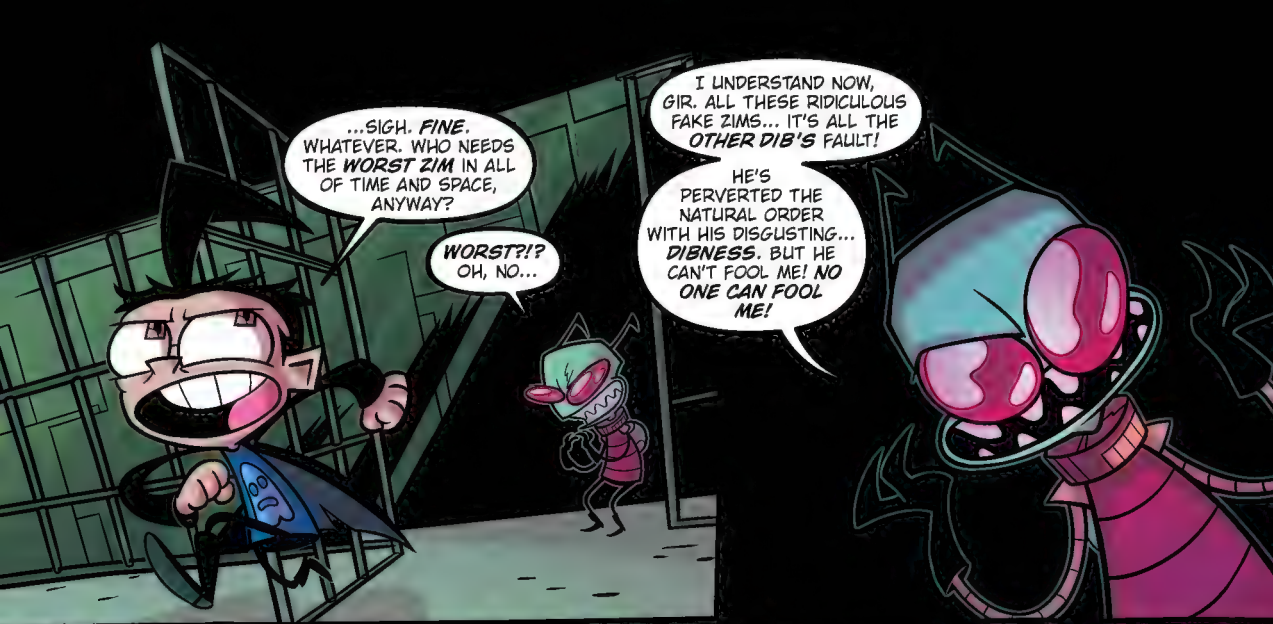
WHAT ABOUT YOU, ZIM? ARE YOU COMING?

DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE ONE OF THOSE FRAUDS, MEATSACK. A REAL ZIM WOULD NEVER WORK WITH A DIB. NEVER.

WHAT ABOUT THAT TIME WHEN-

NOT FOR ANY REASON.



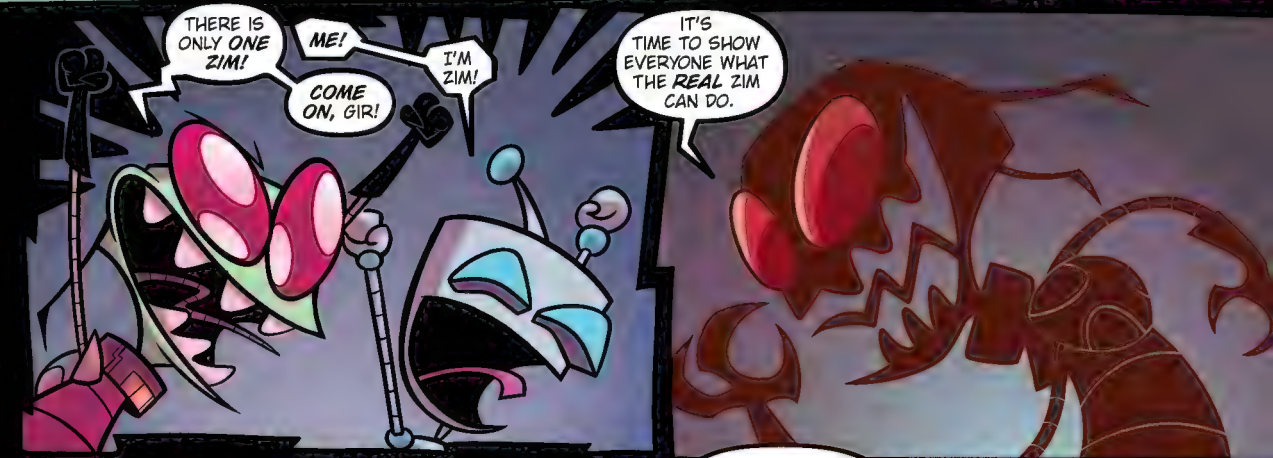


...SIGH. FINE.  
WHATEVER. WHO NEEDS  
THE **WORST ZIM** IN ALL  
OF TIME AND SPACE,  
ANYWAY?

**WORST?!!**  
OH, NO...

I UNDERSTAND NOW,  
GIR. ALL THESE RIDICULOUS  
FAKE ZIMS... IT'S ALL THE  
**OTHER DIB'S** FAULT!

HE'S  
PERVERTED THE  
NATURAL ORDER  
WITH HIS DISGUSTING...  
**DIBNESS**. BUT HE  
CAN'T FOOL ME! NO  
**ONE CAN FOOL**  
**ME!**



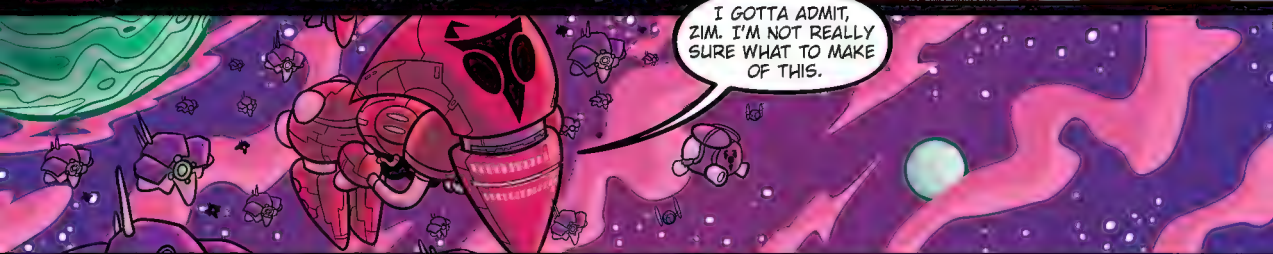
THERE IS  
ONLY **ONE**  
**ZIM!**

**ME!**

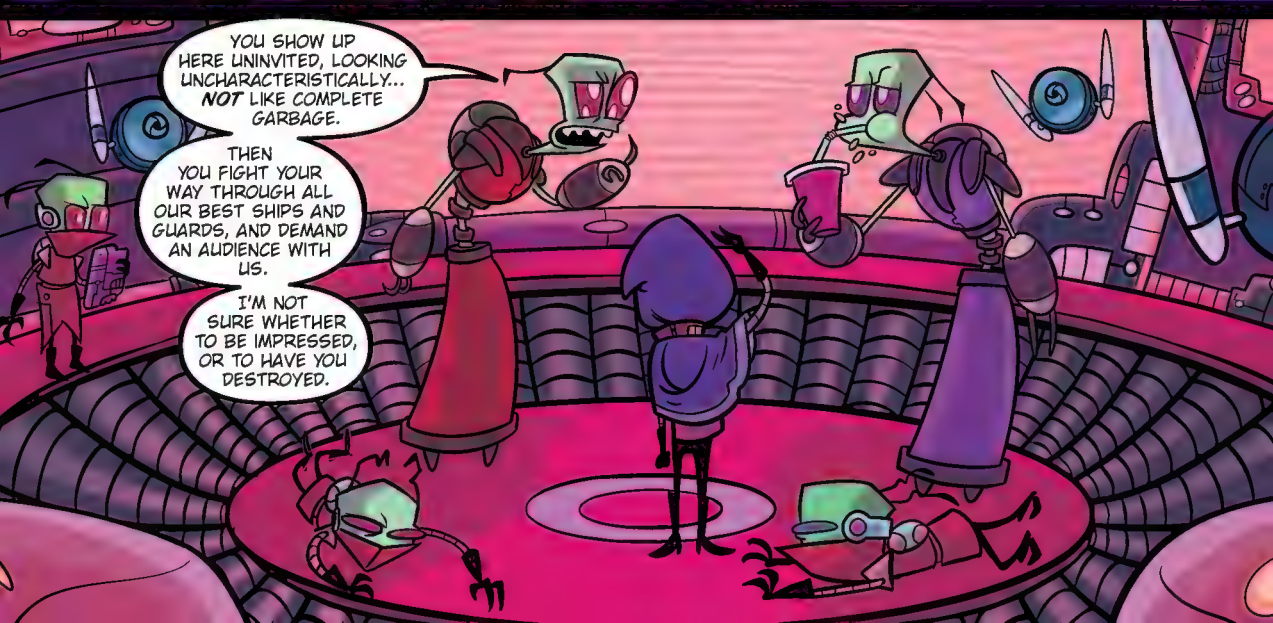
**COME**  
**ON, GIR!**

**I'M**  
**ZIM!**

IT'S  
TIME TO SHOW  
EVERYONE WHAT  
THE **REAL ZIM**  
CAN DO.



I GOTTA ADMIT,  
ZIM. I'M NOT REALLY  
SURE WHAT TO MAKE  
OF THIS.



YOU SHOW UP  
HERE UNINVITED, LOOKING  
UNCHARACTERISTICALLY...  
**NOT** LIKE COMPLETE  
GARBAGE.

THEN  
YOU FIGHT YOUR  
WAY THROUGH ALL  
OUR BEST SHIPS AND  
GUARDS, AND DEMAND  
AN AUDIENCE WITH US.

I'M NOT  
SURE WHETHER  
TO BE IMPRESSED,  
OR TO HAVE YOU  
DESTROYED.





I'M KINDA FEELING BOTH, MYSELF.

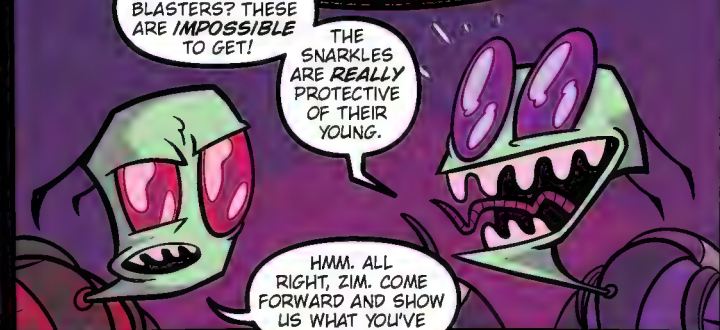
MY TALLEST! I ONLY WISH TO DEMONSTRATE MY BATTLE PROWESS. TO SHOW YOU ULTIMATE IRKEN WARRIOR SKILLS!



AND TO BRING YOU THIS **EXOTIC SNACK FOOD**, SOURCED FROM THE GALAXY'S MOST DANGEROUS REGIONS!

OOOH, ARE THOSE SNARKLE BLASTERS? THESE ARE **IMPOSSIBLE** TO GET!

THE SNARKLES ARE **REALLY** PROTECTIVE OF THEIR YOUNG.



HMM. ALL RIGHT, ZIM. COME FORWARD AND SHOW US WHAT YOU'VE GOT.

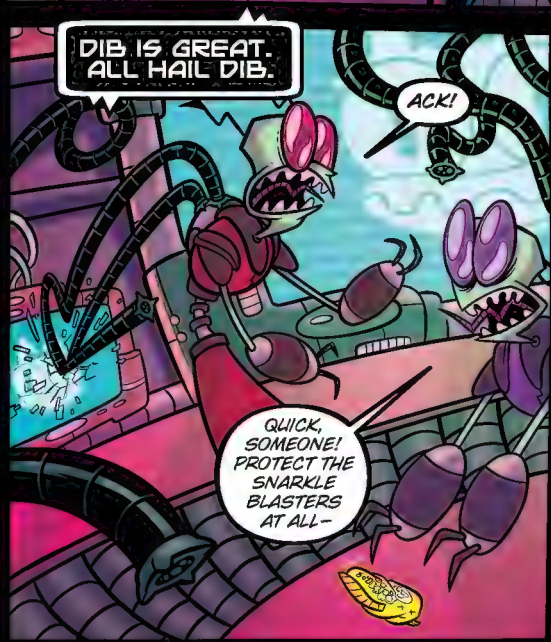


WITH PLEASURE.



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON!

WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH SNACKS?



**DIB IS GREAT. ALL HAIL DIB.**

ACK!

QUICK, SOMEONE! PROTECT THE SNARKLE BLASTERS AT ALL—



ALL HAIL DIB.

WHOEVER THAT IS.





IRKEN SYSTEMS  
AT 40% STABILITY.

EH,  
40% IS PLenty,  
PROBABLY! KEEP  
MONITORING IT  
AND-





WE JUST HAD ONE MINOR SETBACK.

SOMETHING WENT A LITTLE WRONG WHEN I TRIED TO MY UPSCALE MY IRKEN-TECH-ZAPPER PROTOTYPE TO A PLANETARY SCALE. IT OVERLOADED THE ARMADA'S GENERATORS, CREATING AN ENERGY WAVE THAT HAD THE UNFORTUNATE SIDE EFFECT OF, YOU KNOW...

...DESTROYING THE ENTIRETY OF OUR REALITY.

THAT'S A MINOR SETBACK?

EH. IT'S FINE, DIB. DON'T YOU SEE?

THE EXPLOSION ALSO TORE ALL THESE HOLES THROUGH THE FABRIC OF REALITY, CREATING PANDORA'S QUADRANGLES ACROSS TIME AND SPACE!

THAT'S HOW I DISCOVERED... THERE WERE INFINITE ALTERNATE TIMELINES.

WHICH MEANS INFINITE DO OVERS!

AT FIRST, I WAS TRAPPED HERE IN THE EMPTY RUIN OF MY DESTROYED REALITY. BUT BY LURING ALL THESE ZIMS HERE AND LOOTING THEIR SHIPS FOR PARTS, I WAS ABLE TO REBUILD AND RESTART MY WORK.

AND NOW, I'VE PERFECTED MY **NEW** SUPER WEAPON! WITH ALL THE IRKEN ARMADAS CONTROLLED BY MY DIB VIRUS, I CAN TAKE OVER ALL THE EARTHS... TO KEEP THEM ALL SAFE!

AND UNLIKE THE ZAPPER, IT'S ALL TOTALLY SAFE!

PROBABLY.

PROBABLY?!?

YES! THIS TIME, THINGS WILL DEFINITELY, PROBABLY WORK. THE CHANCE OF IT OVERLOADING THE GENERATORS AND DESTROYING YOUR UNIVERSE IS LIKE, NO MORE THAN ONE IN FIVE. ONE IN FOUR, TOPS.

AND IF IT DOESN'T WORK, **WHATEVER!** THERE'S A MILLION OTHER TIMELINES, DIB. WHO CARES?

I CARE! THAT'S MY TIMELINE! DAD AND GAZ ARE THERE!

AND ALSO... YOU KNOW... **OTHER** PEOPLE I LIKE. PEOPLE THAT DEFINITELY EXIST!

I THINK THAT PAK DID SOMETHING TO YOUR MIND, ZIB. SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH YOU.

Y'KNOW, I GOTTA SAY... I'M PRETTY DISAPPOINTED, DIB.

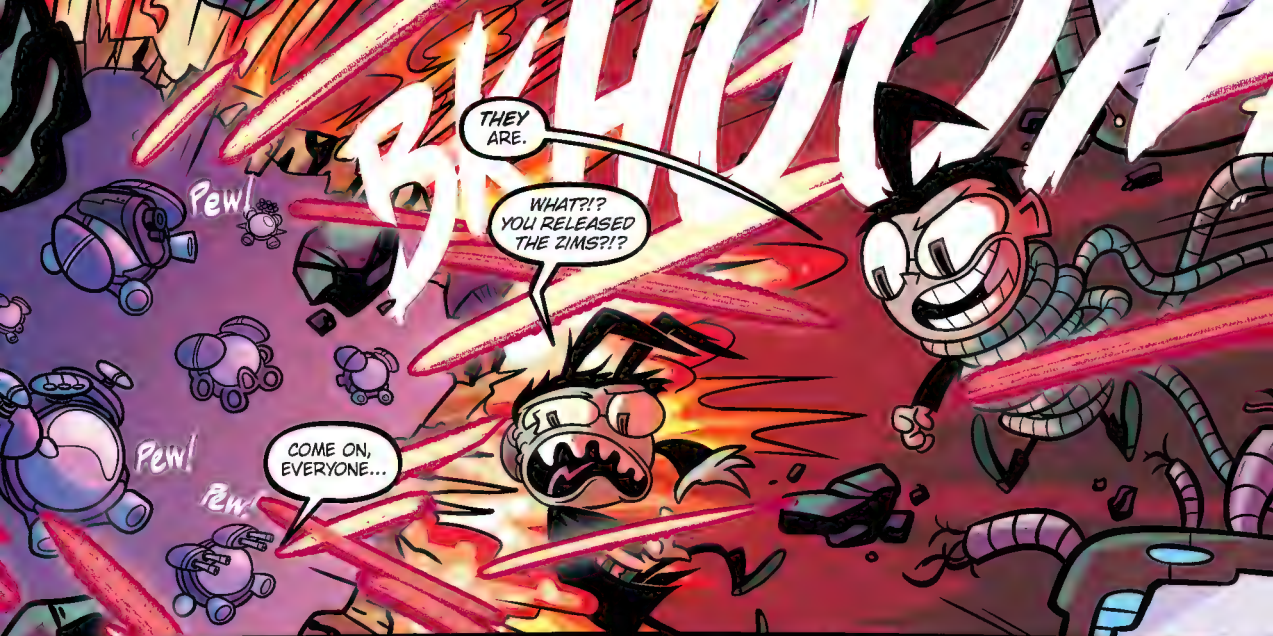
I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A REALLY STUPID ME. BUT NOW I CAN SEE...

...YOU'RE ACTUALLY JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THEM. ANOTHER **USELESS** HUMAN WHO DOESN'T APPRECIATE ME AND WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, ZIB!

YEAH? AND WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME?





THEY ARE.

WHAT?!?  
YOU RELEASED  
THE ZIMSP?!

COME ON,  
EVERYONE...

...LET'S SHOW  
THIS IMPOSTOR WHO  
THE **SUPERIOR** ZIMS  
ARE!

BY  
USING ALL THIS  
COOL STUFF HE  
BUILT!

PLEASE.  
YOU DON'T REALLY  
THINK ALL THAT JUNK I  
BUILT FOR MY BRAINWASHED  
ZIMS WAS MY **BEST**  
WEAPONRY, DO YOU?

I'VE  
DEFEATED **ONE**  
ZIM ALREADY. I'VE  
CONQUERED AN  
ENTIRE ARMADA!

FRYING  
ALL THESE ZIMS  
WILL BE LESS THAN  
A CHALLENGE.



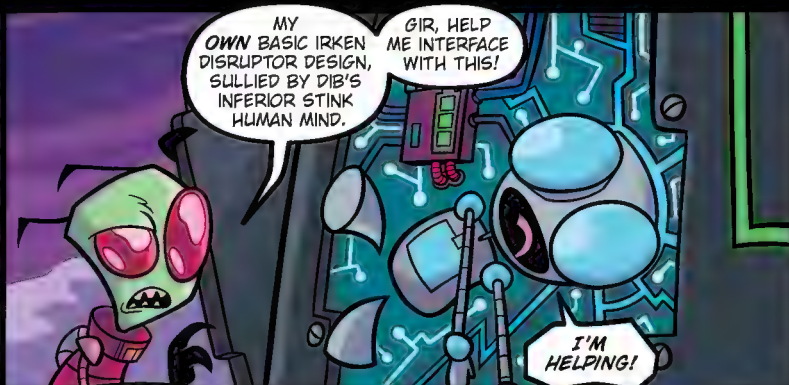
IT'LL  
BE A **GENUINE**  
PLEASURE!

I **DISAGREE!**  
I'M NOT ENJOYING  
THIS AT ALL!





OF COURSE.  
I SHOULD HAVE  
RECOGNIZED WHAT  
THIS WAS FROM  
THE BEGINNING.



MY  
OWN BASIC IRKEN  
DISRUPTOR DESIGN,  
SULLIED BY DIB'S  
INFERIOR STINK  
HUMAN MIND.

GIR, HELP  
ME INTERFACE  
WITH THIS!

I'M  
HELPING!



YES...  
SEE? IT'S THE  
FREQUENCY OF THE PULSE  
THAT DETERMINES THE EXIT  
POINT OF THE BREACHES.  
SO IF WE JUST MAKE A  
LITTLE ADJUSTMENT...

WHEEE! I'M  
WELL ADJUSTED!



...WE  
CAN CHANGE  
THE **TIME** THAT  
THE PORTALS  
LEAD TO.

IS THAT  
GOOD?



YES, GIR.  
NOW, FOR THE FIRST  
TIME EVER, EVEN **TIME**  
ITSELF IS UNDER  
**ZIM'S** CONTROL!

WHAT  
ABOUT WHEN-

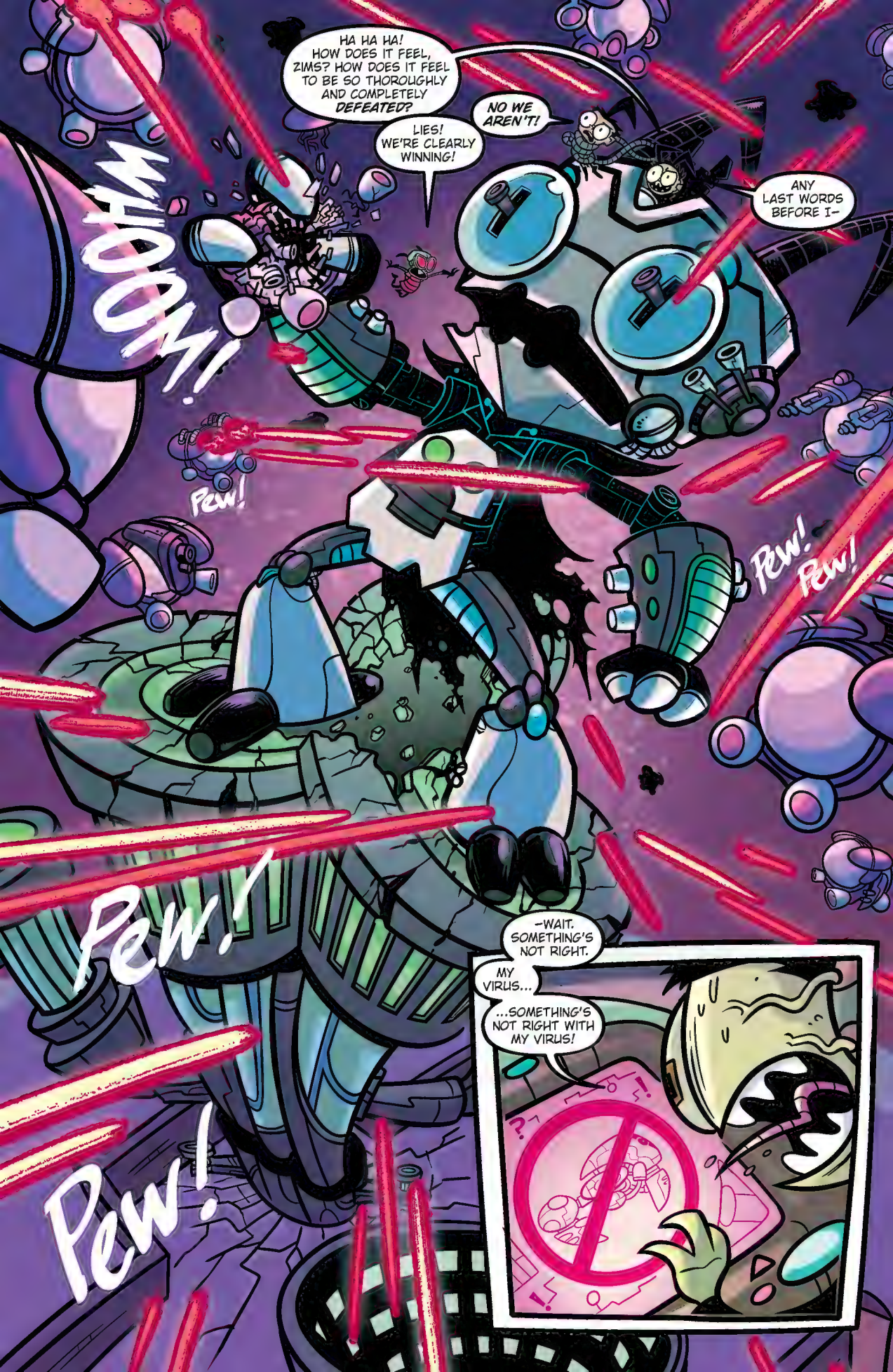
**THE  
FIRST TIME  
EVER!**

NOW...



...I JUST  
NEED ONE MORE  
THING.





HA HA HA!  
HOW DOES IT FEEL,  
ZIMS? HOW DOES IT FEEL  
TO BE SO THOROUGHLY  
AND COMPLETELY  
DEFEATED?

NO WE  
AREN'T!

LIES!  
WE'RE CLEARLY  
WINNING!

ANY  
LAST WORDS  
BEFORE I—

BOOM!

Pew!

Pew!  
Pew!

Pew!

Pew!

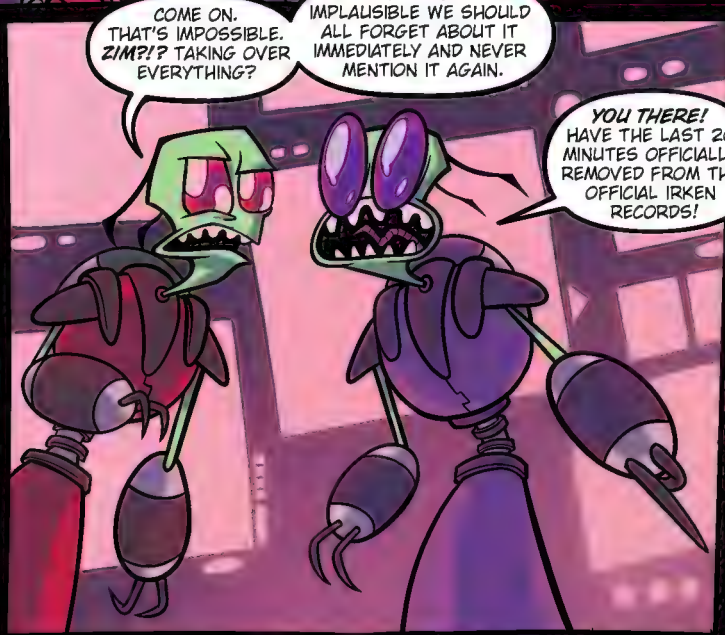
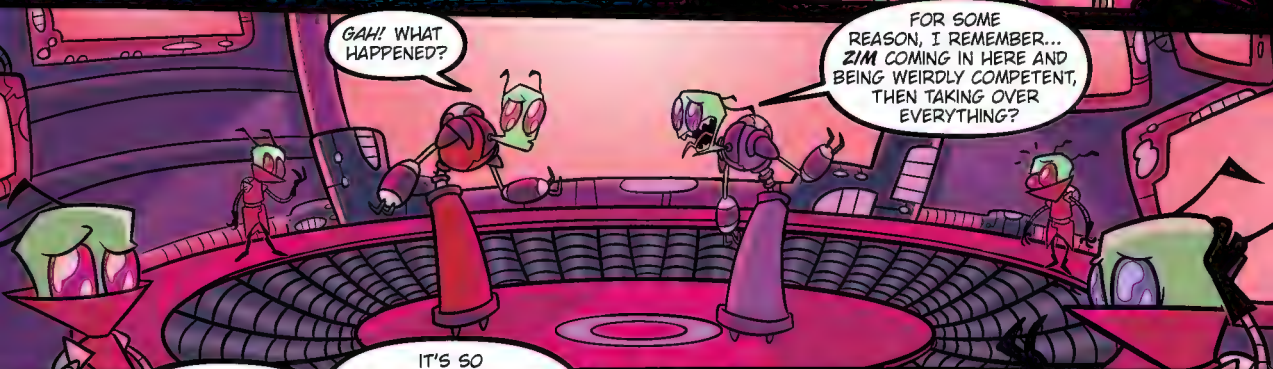
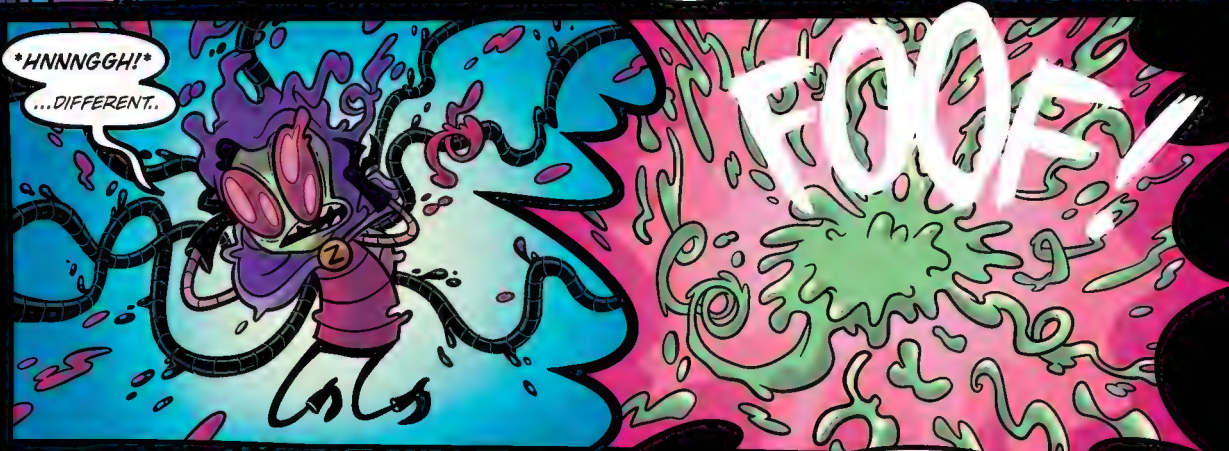
—WAIT.  
SOMETHING'S  
NOT RIGHT.

MY  
VIRUS...

...SOMETHING'S  
NOT RIGHT WITH  
MY VIRUS!



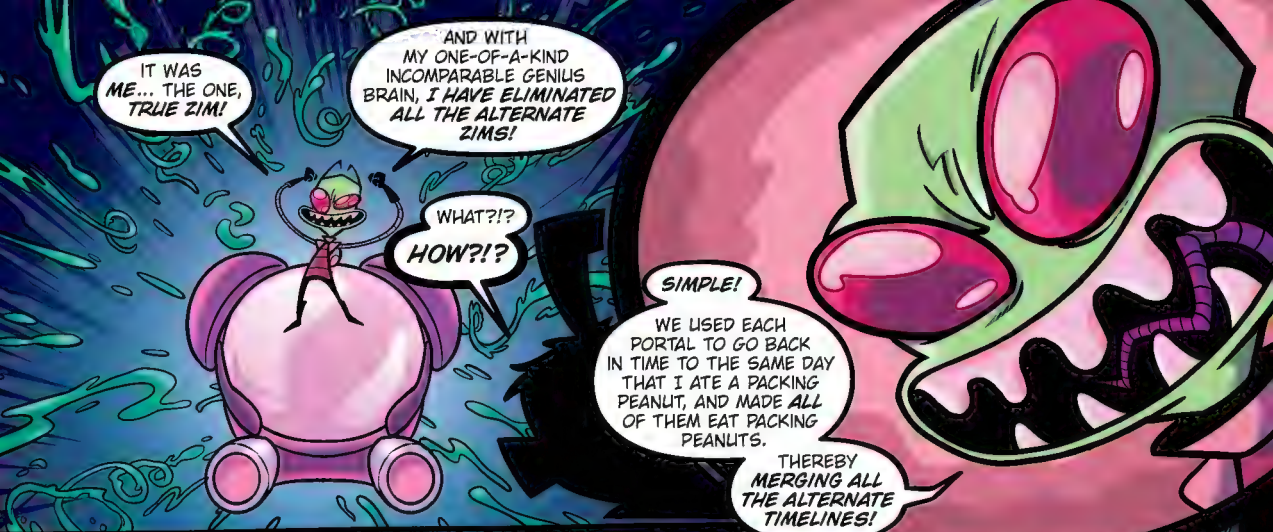












IT WAS  
ME... THE ONE,  
TRUE ZIM!

AND WITH  
MY ONE-OF-A-KIND  
INCOMPARABLE GENIUS  
BRAIN, I HAVE ELIMINATED  
ALL THE ALTERNATE  
ZIMS!

WHAT?!?  
HOW?!?

SIMPLE!

WE USED EACH  
PORTAL TO GO BACK  
IN TIME TO THE SAME DAY  
THAT I ATE A PACKING  
PEANUT, AND MADE ALL  
OF THEM EAT PACKING  
PEANUTS.

THEREBY  
MERGING ALL  
THE ALTERNATE  
TIMELINES!



...WHAT.

BUT...  
BUT THAT...  
THAT'S NOT HOW  
TIMELINES  
WORK!

ISN'T  
IT?

NO!



BESIDES, THERE  
ARE OVER **TWO THOUSAND**  
ZIMS HERE! HOW COULD YOU  
HAVE **MANUALLY PLANTED**  
THOSE PACKING PEANUTS IN  
**EVERY SINGLE ONE OF**  
THEIR TIMELINES  
SO QUICKLY?

TIME  
STUFF!

PLUS I  
MADE GIR  
DO IT.

I'M TWO  
HUNDRED YEARS  
OLD NOW!



IN FACT,  
I'M PRETTY SURE  
IT ALSO TURNED OUT  
THAT **WE** WERE THE  
ONES WHO PLANTED THE  
PACKING PEANUTS IN **MY**  
OWN TIMELINE ALL  
ALONG, TOO! ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT,  
GIR?

PROBABLY!

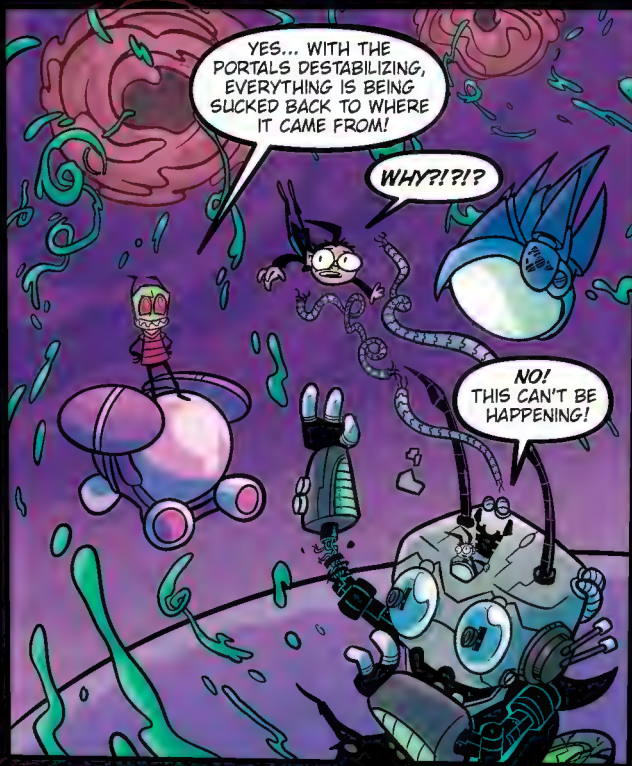
THAT MAKES  
EVEN LESS SENSE  
THAN ALL THE OTHER  
THINGS YOU SAID!



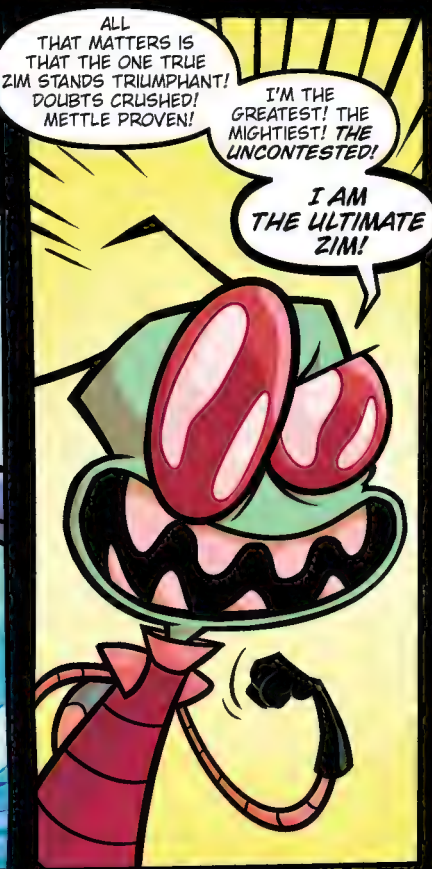
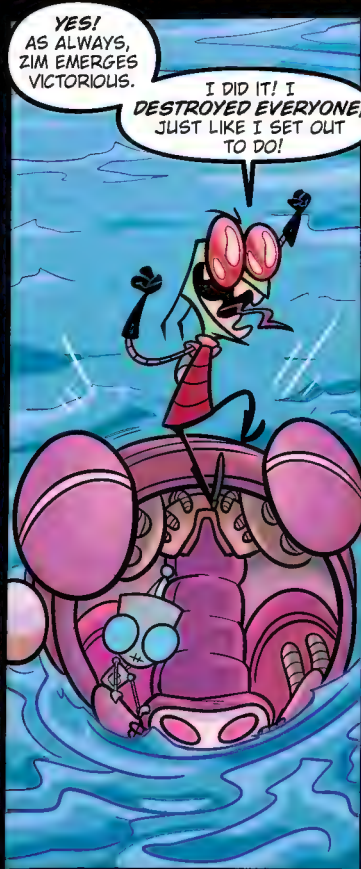
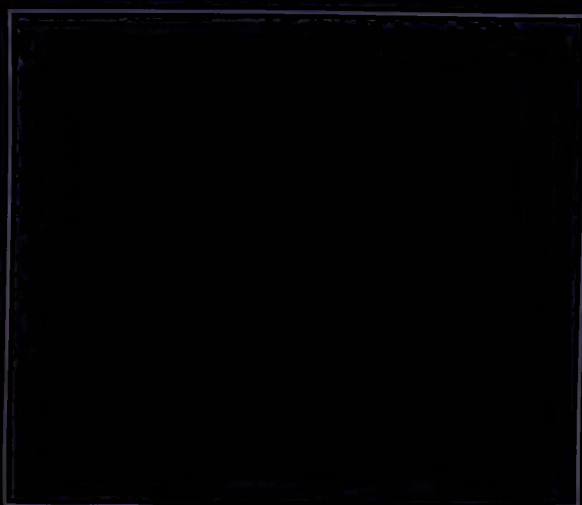
AND NOW,  
I'VE WIRED THE ZAPPER  
TO OVERLOAD AND EXPLODE,  
**ELIMINATING ALTERNATE  
TIMELINES FOREVER!**

WHAT?!?













BUT...  
NOTHING  
YOU DID MADE  
ANY SENSE.

AND MOST  
OF THE PEOPLE  
YOU DEFEATED WERE  
JUST **YOURSELF!**



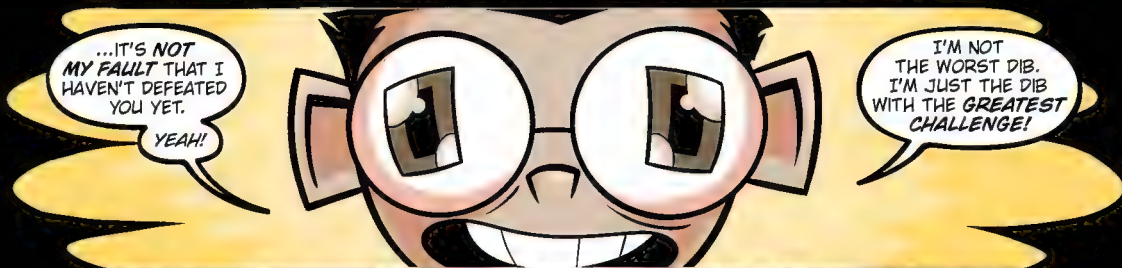
BUT...  
YOU DID **WIN.**  
SORT OF.

AND YOU  
DEFEATED ZIB. SO  
I GUESS...



...I GUESS  
THAT DOES **TECHNICALLY**  
MEAN THAT YOU WERE THE  
BEST ZIM. BETTER THAN  
THIS ZIM, CERTAINLY.

WHICH  
WOULD MEAN...



...IT'S **NOT**  
**MY FAULT** THAT I  
HAVEN'T DEFEATED  
YOU YET.

YEAH!

I'M NOT  
THE WORST DIB.  
I'M JUST THE DIB  
WITH THE **GREATEST**  
**CHALLENGE!**

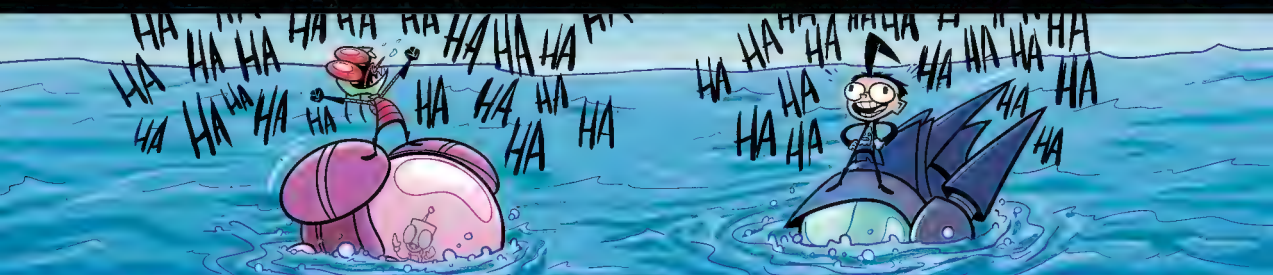


HA  
HA HA!

SEE, YOU  
DUMB SHIP? ZIM  
IS A REAL THREAT!  
THE GREATEST THREAT  
EARTH HAS EVER  
SEEN!

AND  
I'M THE ONLY  
ONE WHO CAN STOP  
HIM! ME... THE  
BEST DIB!

HA!  
HA HA!



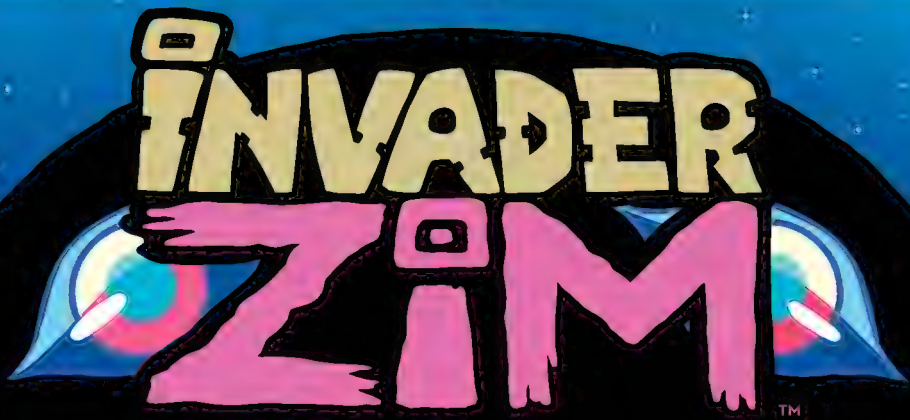
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# INVADER ZIM

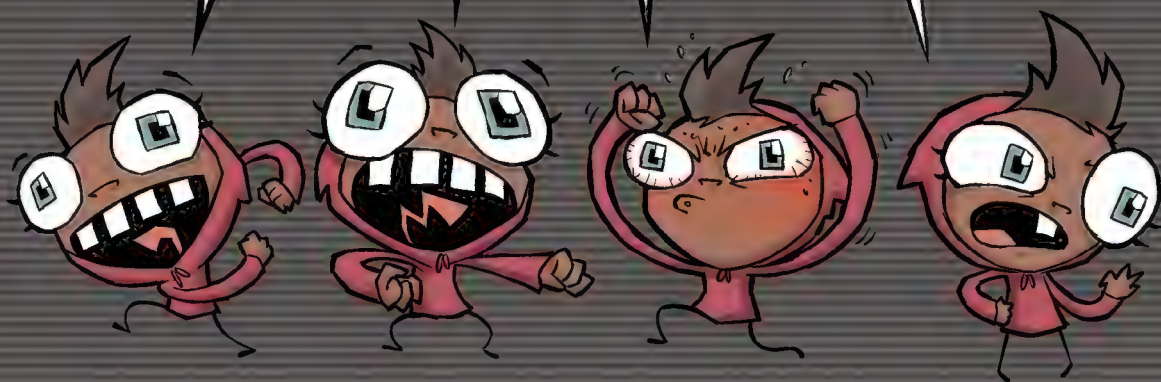
The logo for 'Invader Zim' is set against a dark blue, starry night sky. The word 'INVADER' is in a bold, yellow, blocky font. Below it, the word 'ZIM' is in a larger, pink, blocky font. The 'Z' and 'M' have a small square detail on their top horizontal bars. Two large, stylized eyes with yellow and blue irises and red pupils are positioned behind the 'Z' and 'M'.

## CHAPTER: 5

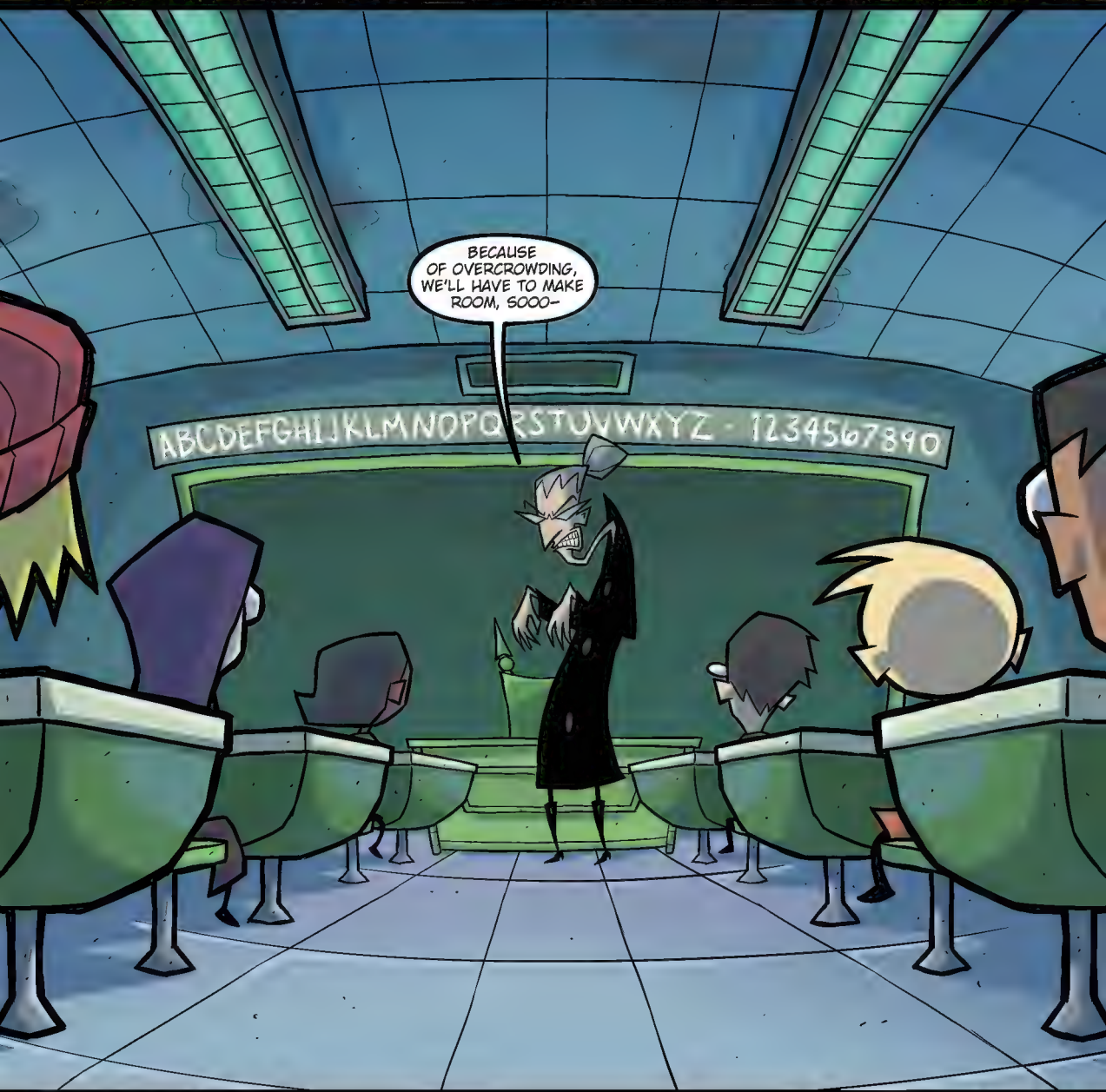
illustration by J.R. GOLDBERG



HEY, WOW! Did ya notice that this is the fiftieth issue of INVADER ZIM COMICS? But **TECHNICALLY** it's the fifty-first because there was a #0! Most people don't know that.. **BUT I DO!!!** As the number one ZIM fan I hafta know, OKAY? I know how many pages of ZIM comics there are! I know every minute of every episode ever created! I watched **ENTER THE FLORPUS A MILLION TIMES!!!** (I'm old now) And now I'm gonna read this super, super fiftieth issue.. **A MILLION TIMES!!!** I already read it fifty times so I don't got that many times left! **I'M BAD AT NUMBERS!!** Now **YOU** go read this issue! Fifty times! A hundred times! But not a million times because then you'll be the number one ZIM fan and then you'd hafta be Recap Kid and that would just be.. **WRONG.**







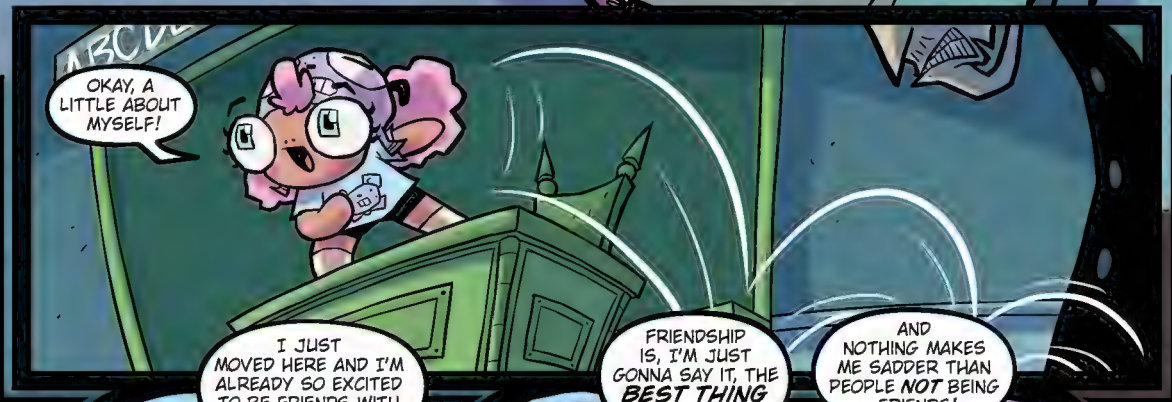








HEY,  
EVERYONE! I'M  
CHAMMY WAMBOO  
AND I'M SO GLAD  
TO BE HERE!



OKAY, A  
LITTLE ABOUT  
MYSELF!



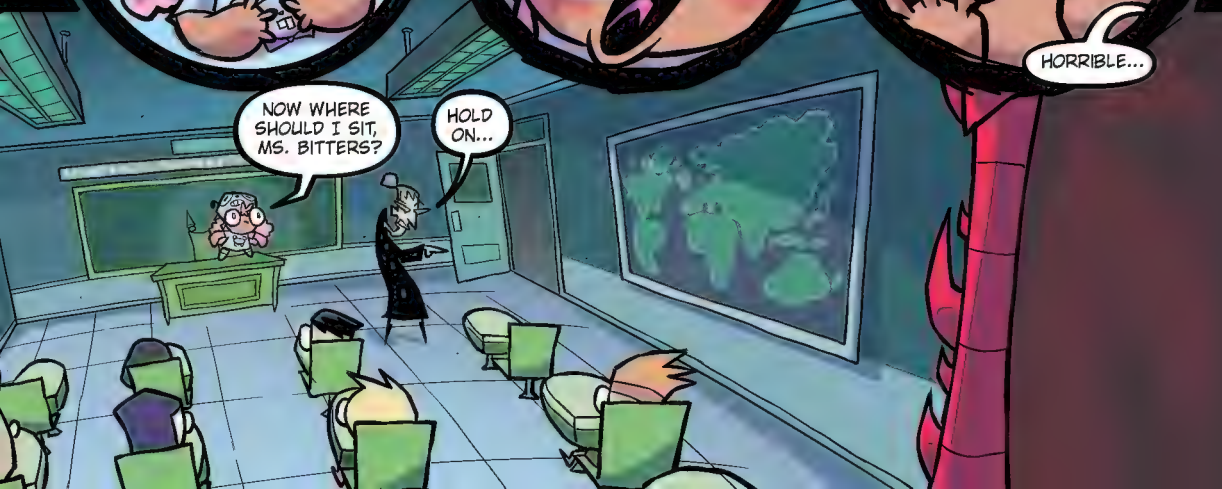
I JUST  
MOVED HERE AND I'M  
ALREADY SO EXCITED  
TO BE FRIENDS WITH  
ALL OF YOU!



FRIENDSHIP  
IS, I'M JUST  
GONNA SAY IT, THE  
**BEST THING  
EVER!**



AND  
NOTHING MAKES  
ME SADDER THAN  
PEOPLE **NOT** BEING  
FRIENDS!

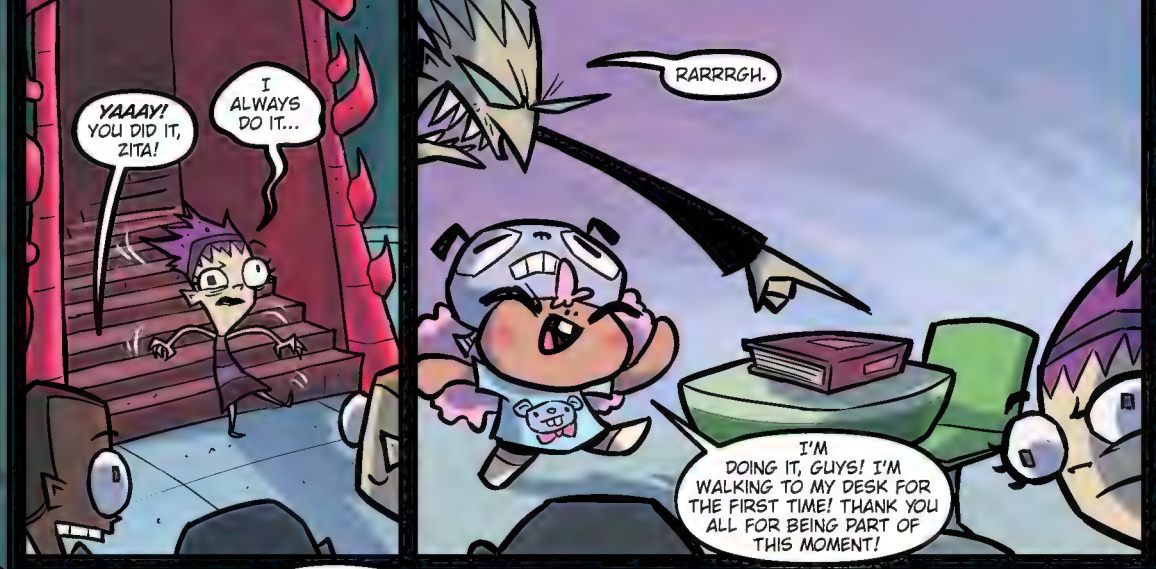


NOW WHERE  
SHOULD I SIT,  
MS. BITTERS?

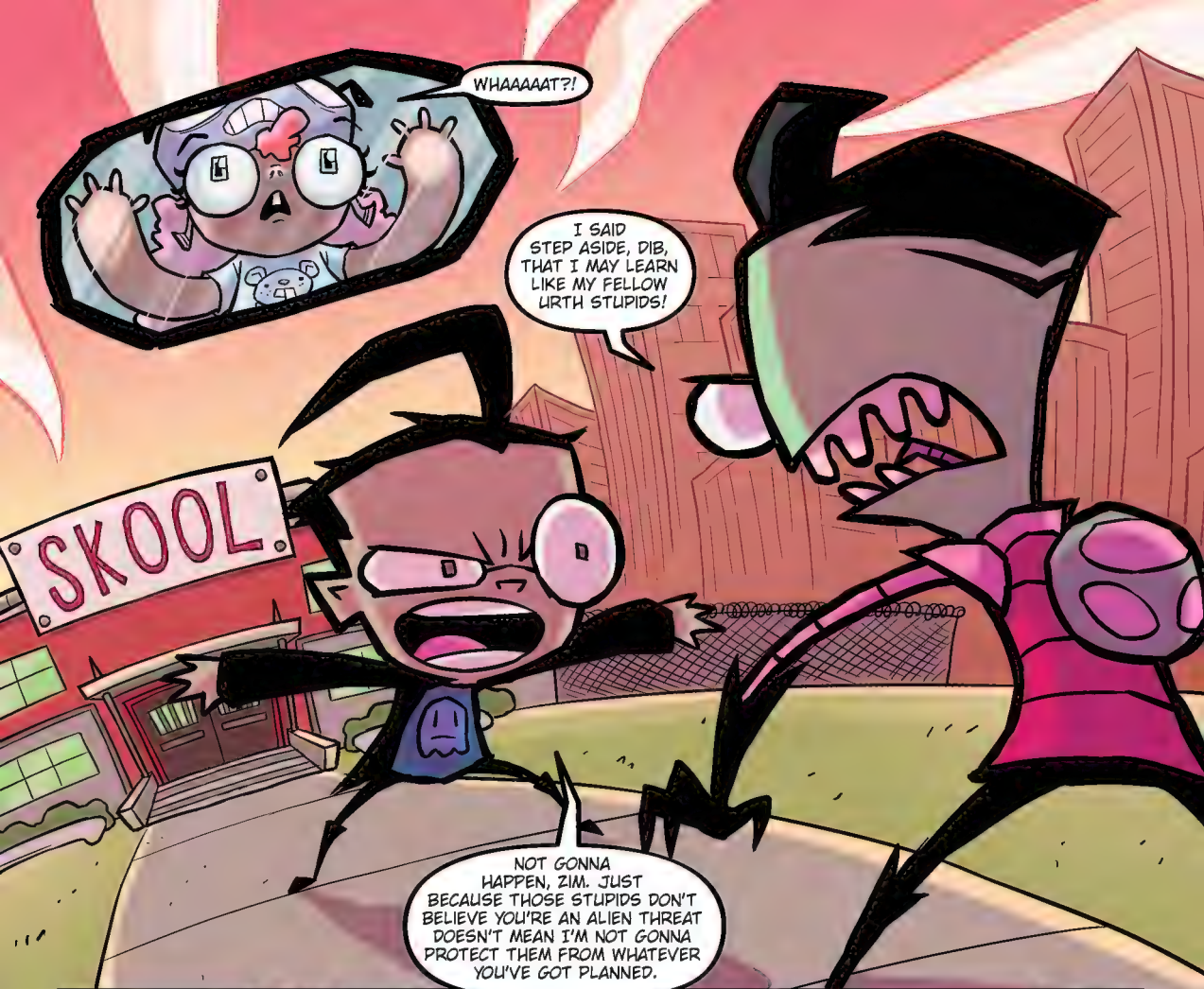
HOLD  
ON...

HORRIBLE...









WHAAAAAT?!

I SAID  
STEP ASIDE, DIB,  
THAT I MAY LEARN  
LIKE MY FELLOW  
URTH STUPIDS!

SKOOL

NOT GONNA  
HAPPEN, ZIM. JUST  
BECAUSE THOSE STUPIDS DON'T  
BELIEVE YOU'RE AN ALIEN THREAT  
DOESN'T MEAN I'M NOT GONNA  
PROTECT THEM FROM WHATEVER  
YOU'VE GOT PLANNED.



SILLY DIB,  
ZIM HAS NOTHING  
PLANNED BESIDES  
FILLING HIS HEAD WITH  
NORMAL HUMAN  
KNOWLEDGE.

MHM, SO  
WHY'S YOUR EVIL  
ROBOT DOG HIDING  
NEAR A SHRUB CARRYING  
A SKULL SAW AND A  
BUCKET THAT SAYS  
"HUMAN BRAINS"?

HI! I'M  
STEALING  
BRAINS!



CURSE  
YOU, HUMAN!  
YOU SHALL  
RUE THE-

SSSTOOOOOOOOOOOOO?!





YOU GUYS,  
STOP FIGHTING!  
PLEASE!

WHAT  
THE--

WHO ARE  
YOU?

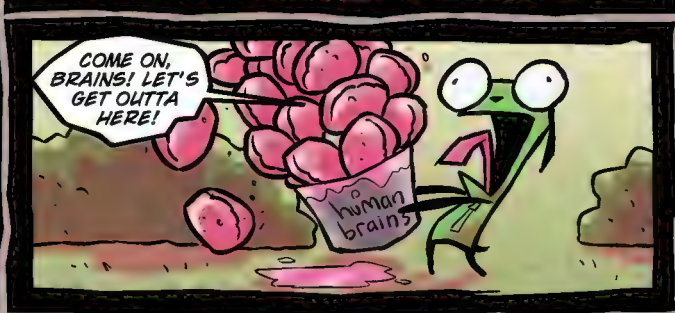
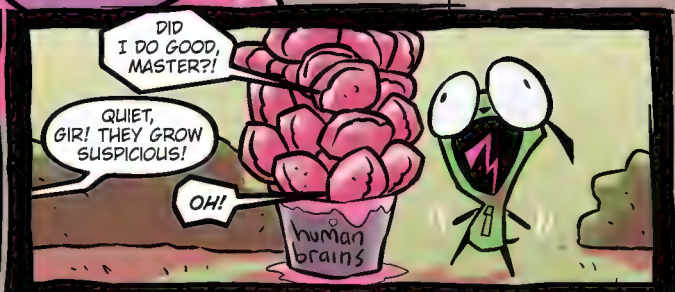
♥ I'M CHAMMY WAMBOO,  
AND I NEED EVERYONE TO  
BE BEST FRIENDS! ♥

CHAMBOO?  
WHAT'S A  
CHAMBOO?

UH...OKAY.  
LISTEN, WHAMMY,  
WE'RE KINDA IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A THING  
HERE AND--

IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A FIGHT,  
I KNOW, AND I CAN'T  
JUST STAND BY AND  
DO NOTHING!

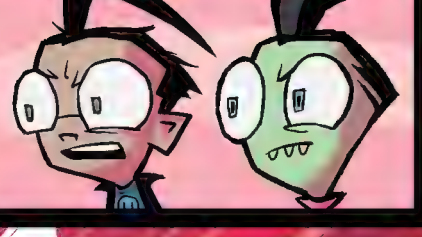
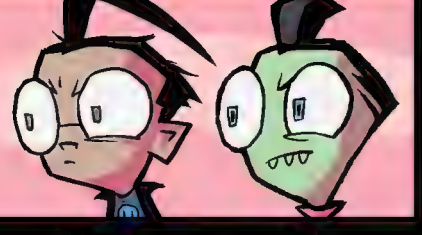








SO THAT MEANS ZIM IS FULL OF LOVE, AND YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY VERY FUNNY TO MAKE THAT BRAINS JOKE. SEE HOW INTERESTING YOU BOTH ARE? PERFECT FRIENDS MATERIAL.

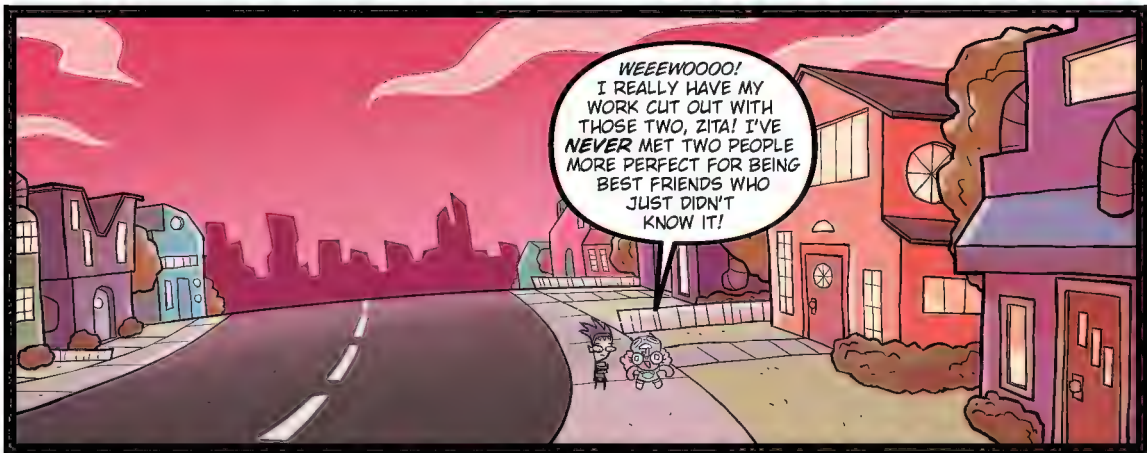


WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

I'M CHAAAAAAMMY WHAMMMMM-







WEEWOOOO!  
I REALLY HAVE MY  
WORK CUT OUT WITH  
THOSE TWO, ZITA! I'VE  
NEVER MET TWO PEOPLE  
MORE PERFECT FOR BEING  
BEST FRIENDS WHO  
JUST DIDN'T  
KNOW IT!



I DON'T  
KNOW, CHAMMY,  
ZIM AND DIB REALLY  
SEEM TO HATE ONE  
ANOTHER, LIKE  
A LOT.

OH, I SEE  
THROUGH THEIR  
TOUGH ACT.



JUST LIKE  
I SAW THROUGH YOURS  
WHEN I SAID LET'S BE BEST  
FRIENDS AND YOU SAID, "HEY,  
YOU'RE STANDING TOO CLOSE  
TO ME AND YOUR EYES ARE  
FREAKING ME OUT."

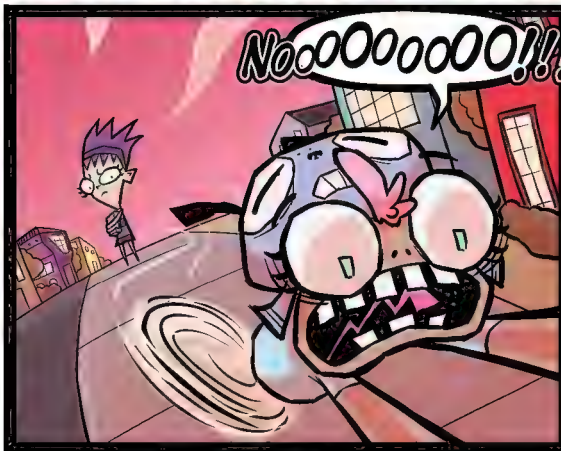
I MEAN  
YOUR EYES  
ARE KINDA-

AND NOW  
LOOK AT US-  
WE'RE BEST  
FRIENDS  
FOREVER!



YEAH  
WE ARE.  
I'M NOT EVEN  
SURE HOW THAT  
HAPPENED.

ZITA,  
LOOK!

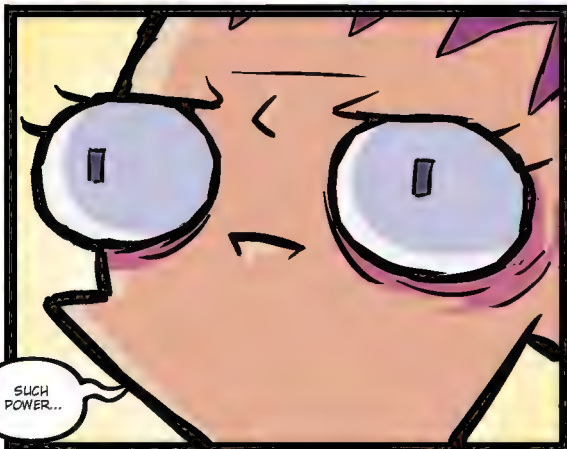
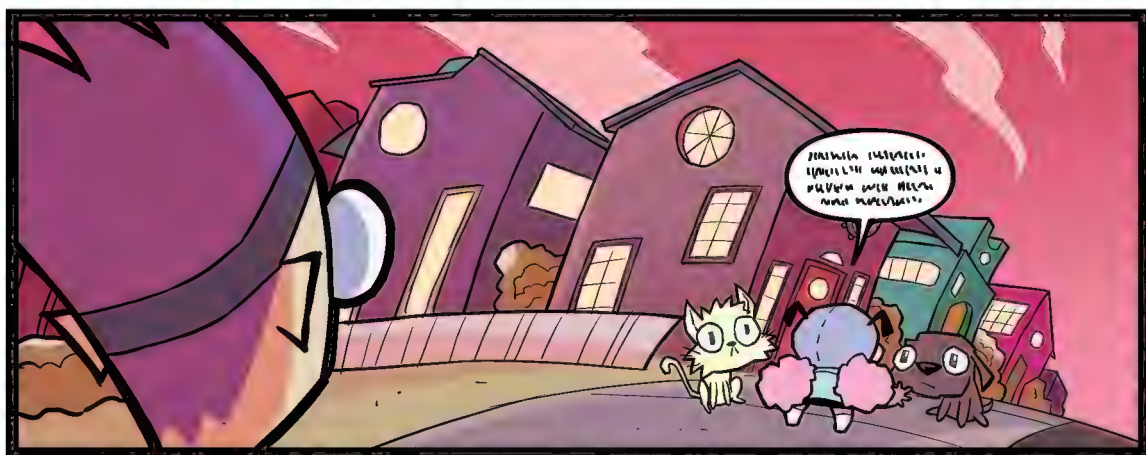


Noooooooo!!!

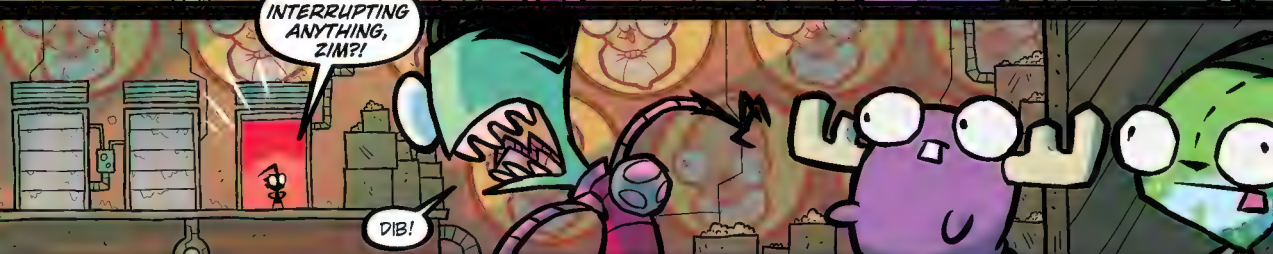
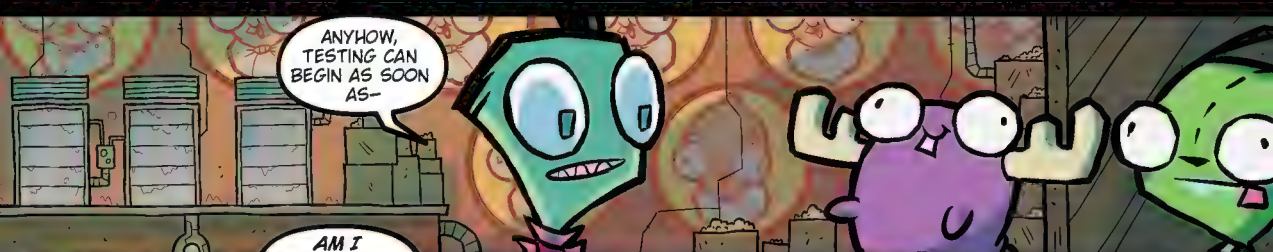


LOOK  
AT YOU TWO, WASTING  
PRECIOUS TIME FIGHTING! CAN'T  
YOU TWO SEE THAT FRIENDSHIP  
IS THE ANSWER?! LIFE IS  
TOO PRECIOUS TO-













YOU THINK PLOTTING YOUR EVIL IN A SHADY WAREHOUSE INSTEAD OF YOUR ALIEN LAIR IS GONNA THROW ME OFF YOUR TRACKS? **WRONG.** AND HERE, OF ALL PLACES.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PLACE?



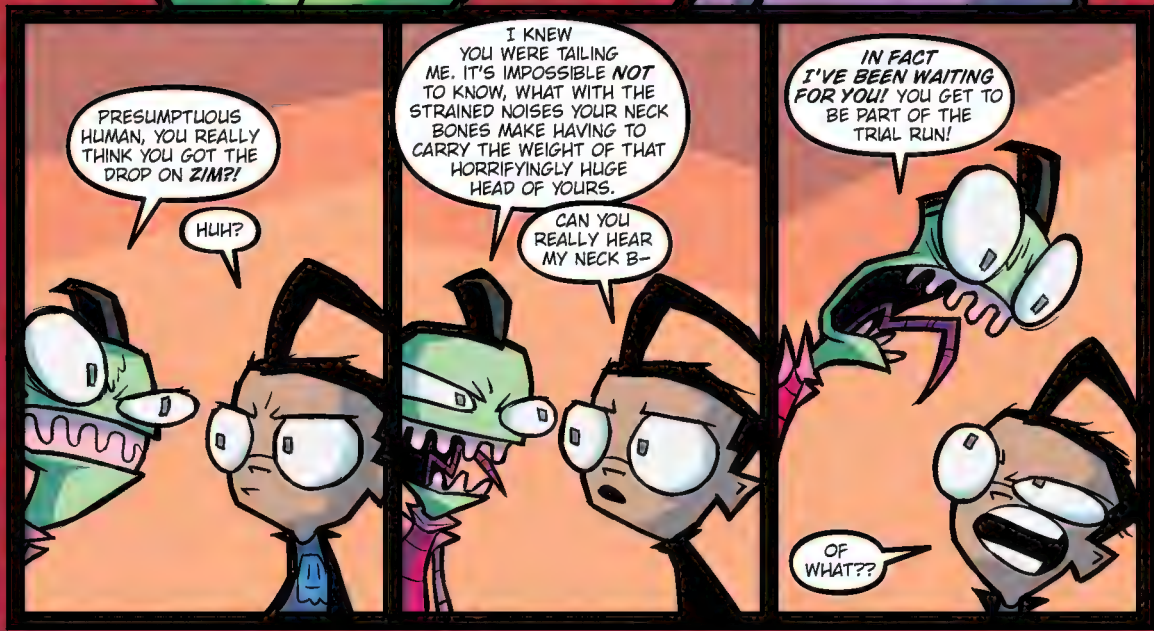
ONLY WEIRDOS LIKED BABY PEANUT PEANUTS. IT'S WHY THEY WENT OUTTA BUSINESS.

WHO WANTS TINY PEANUTS? ONCE YOU GOT THEM OUT OF THOSE TINY SHELLS YOU JUST HAD THESE SUPER TINY... JUST... **AUGH.**

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO ALWAYS ATE THEM IN THE PARK. THAT GUY WAS **MESSED UP.**

I LIKE TINY PEANUTS.

NYA.



PRESUMPTUOUS HUMAN, YOU REALLY THINK YOU GOT THE DROP ON **ZIM?**

HUH?

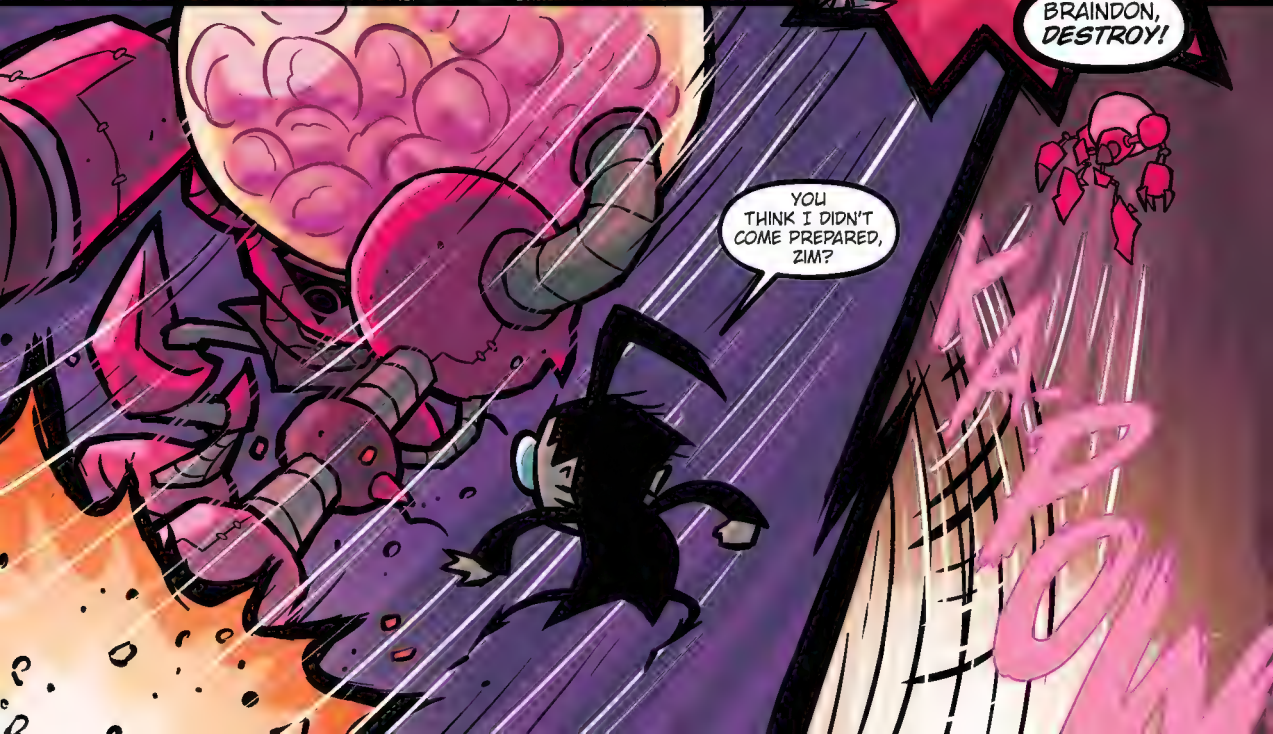
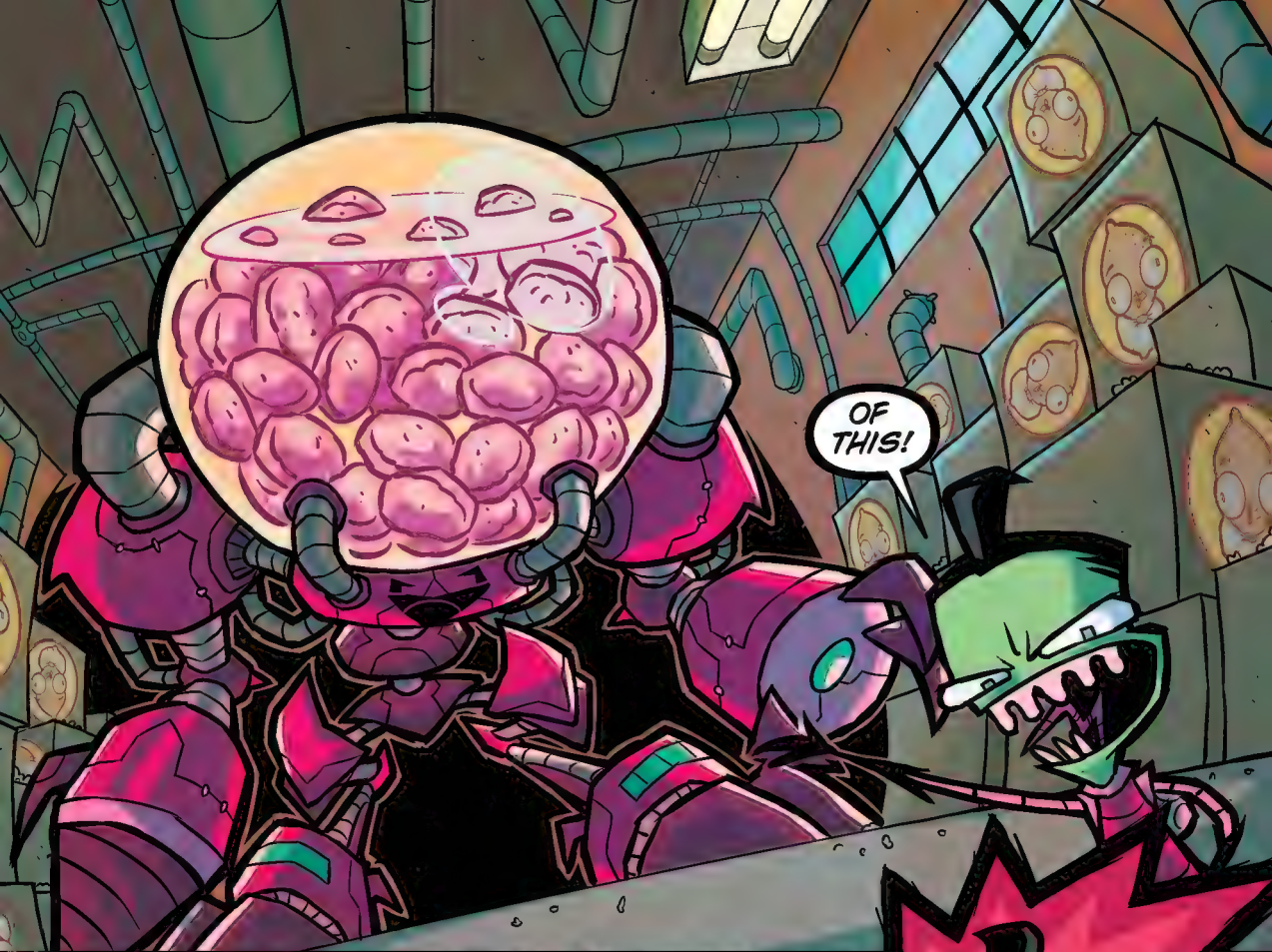
I KNEW YOU WERE TAILING ME. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE **NOT** TO KNOW, WHAT WITH THE STRAINED NOISES YOUR NECK BONES MAKE HAVING TO CARRY THE WEIGHT OF THAT HORRIFYINGLY HUGE HEAD OF YOURS.

CAN YOU REALLY HEAR MY NECK B-

**IN FACT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!** YOU GET TO BE PART OF THE TRIAL RUN!

OF WHAT??

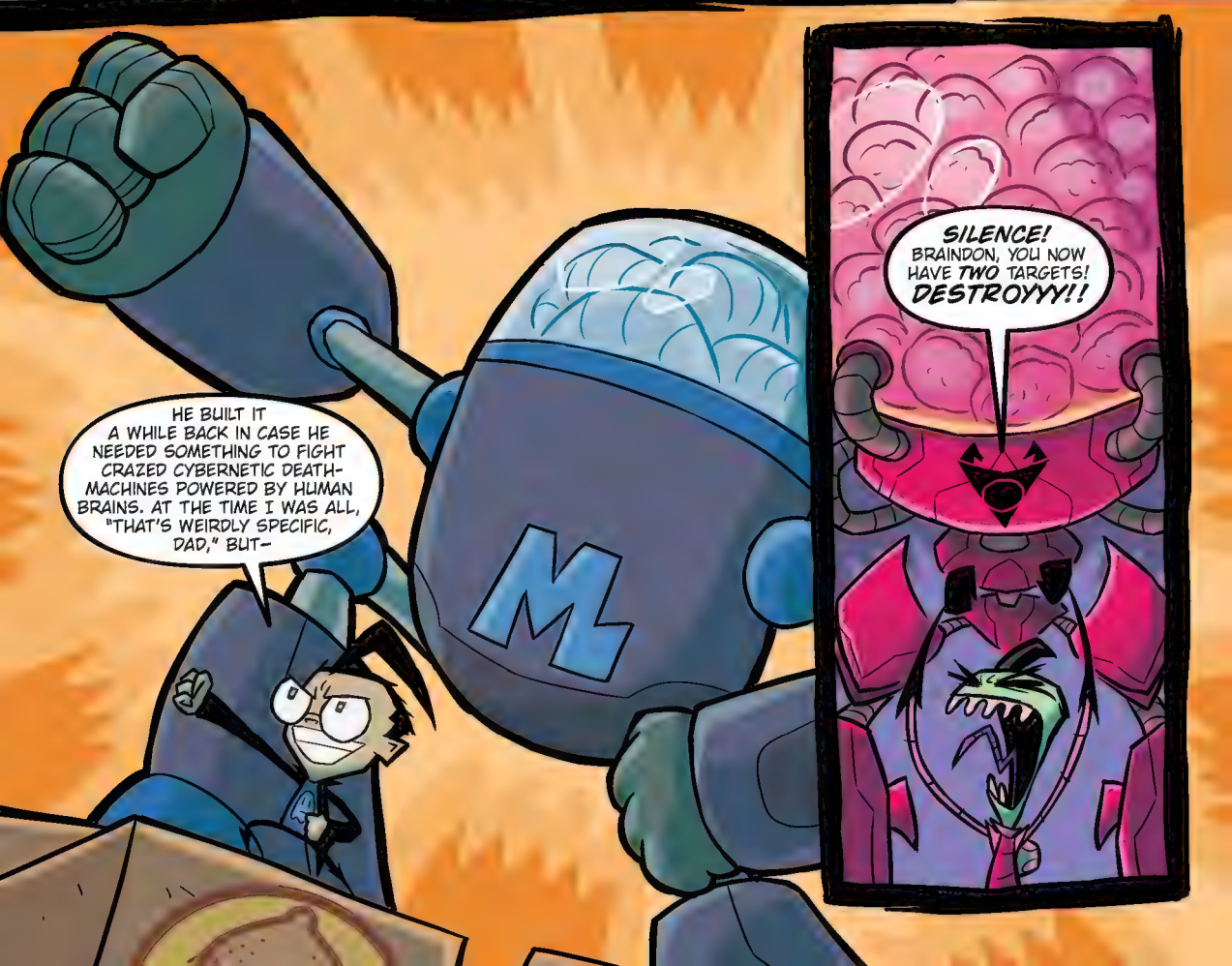








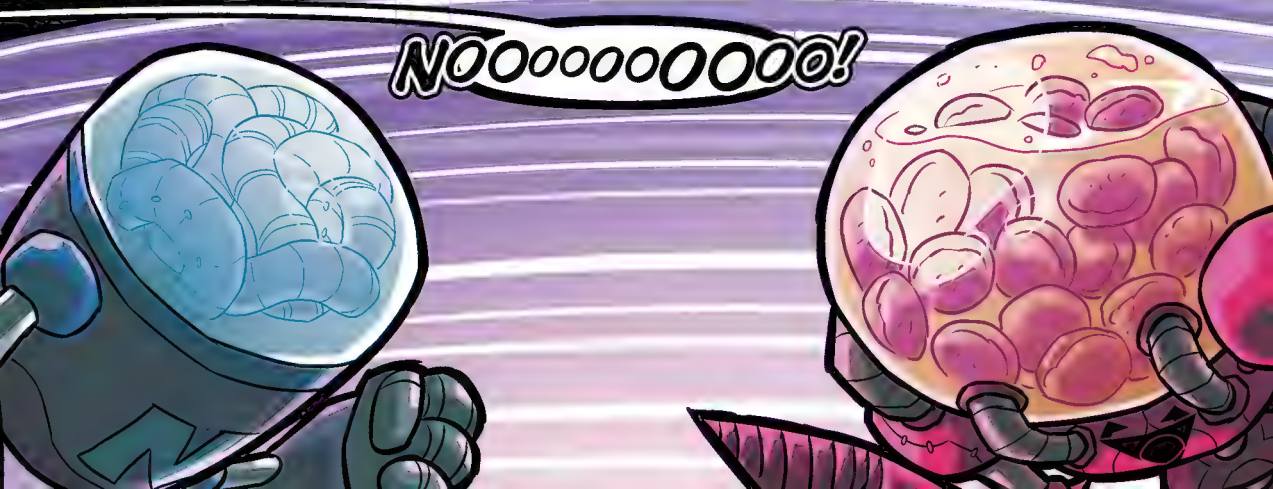
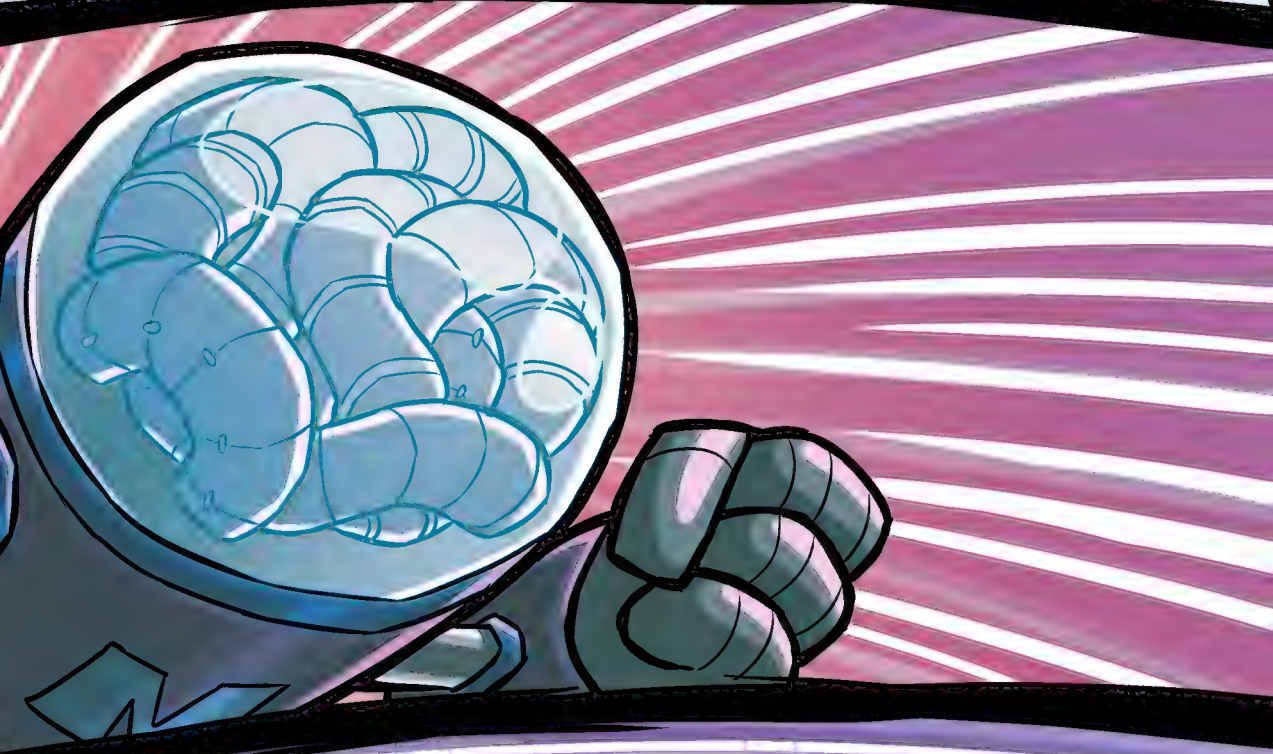
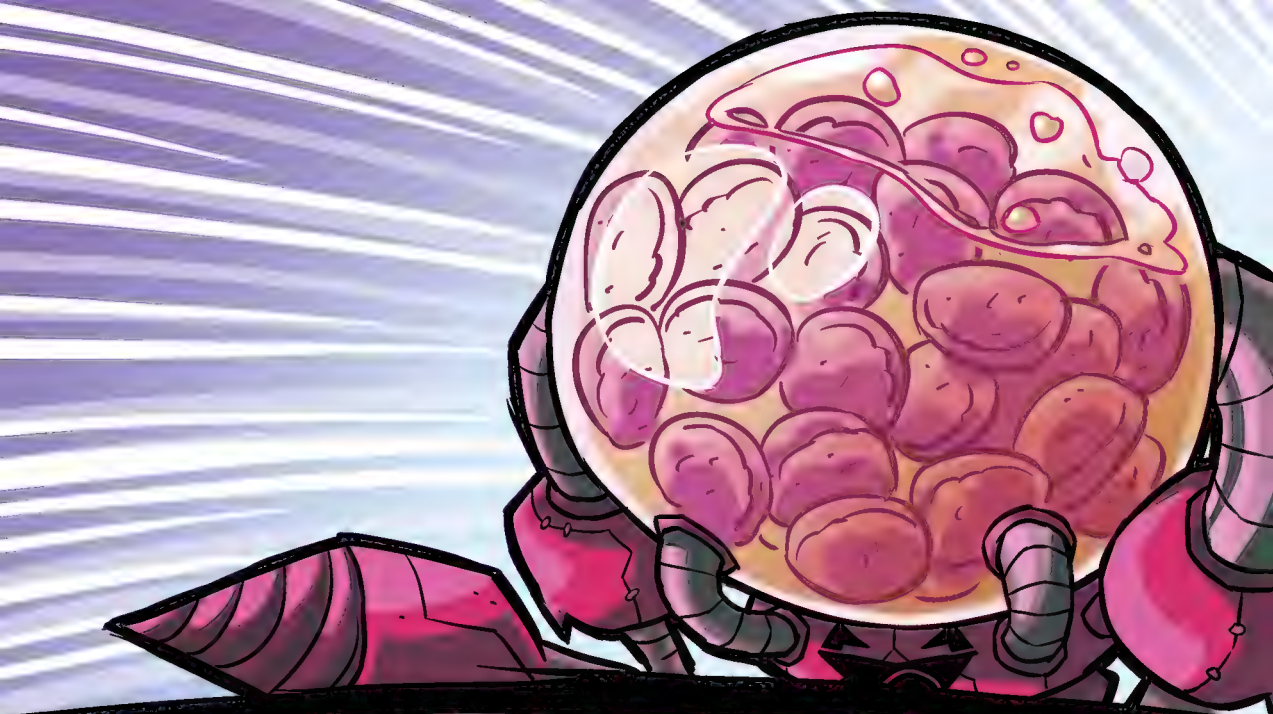
I KNEW  
WHAT YOU WERE UP  
TO THE MOMENT I SAW  
YOU WERE COLLECTING  
BRAINS, SO I BORROWED  
*THIS* FROM MY DAD.



HE BUILT IT  
A WHILE BACK IN CASE HE  
NEEDED SOMETHING TO FIGHT  
CRAZED CYBERNETIC DEATH-  
MACHINES POWERED BY HUMAN  
BRAINS. AT THE TIME I WAS ALL,  
"THAT'S WEIRDLY SPECIFIC,  
DAD," BUT-

**SILENCE!**  
BRAIDON, YOU NOW  
HAVE **TWO** TARGETS!  
**DESTROYYYY!!**





NOOOOOOOOOO!





SERIOUSLY??

WHAT THE?!



WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU TWO?! NOW YOU'RE MAKING OTHER PEOPLE FIGHT WHO SHOULD BE FRIENDS INSTEAD?!

THOSE AREN'T PEOPLE, CHAMMY, THOSE ARE-

BRAINDON IS A LITTLE BIT PEOPLE.

HE GOT'S BRAINS IN HIM!

OKAY, BUT STILL, ONE'S AN EVIL MONSTER AND ONE'S AN UNFEELING ROBOT. THEY'RE NEVER GONNA BE FRIENDS, OKAY?

NOT WITH YOU SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE WITH THAT ATTITUDE. SHEESH!

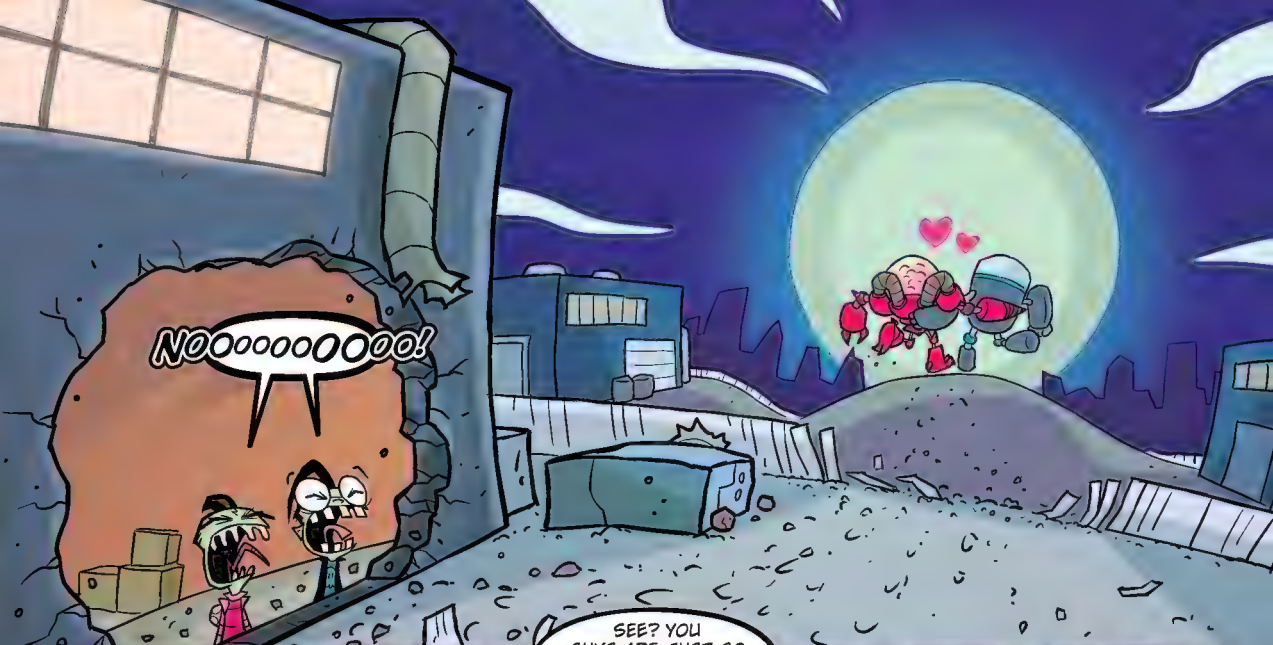


CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS WEIRDO?

AGREED. ZIM HATES CHEEMOO.

MMMMMM WHAAAT?!!  
KERRASH





NOOOOOOOOOO!

SEE? YOU  
GUYS ARE JUST SO  
NEGATIVE, THEY COULDN'T  
SEE THEY WERE BEST  
FRIENDS ALL ALONG!

WHAT THE POOP,  
CHAMMY?! NOT EVERYTHING  
HAS TO BE BEST FRIENDS,  
ESPECIALLY NOT THOSE  
THINGS!

CHUMBY WAMBO,  
YOU WILL RUE THE DAY  
YOU INTERFERED WITH  
ZIM'S INCREDIBLE  
EVIL!

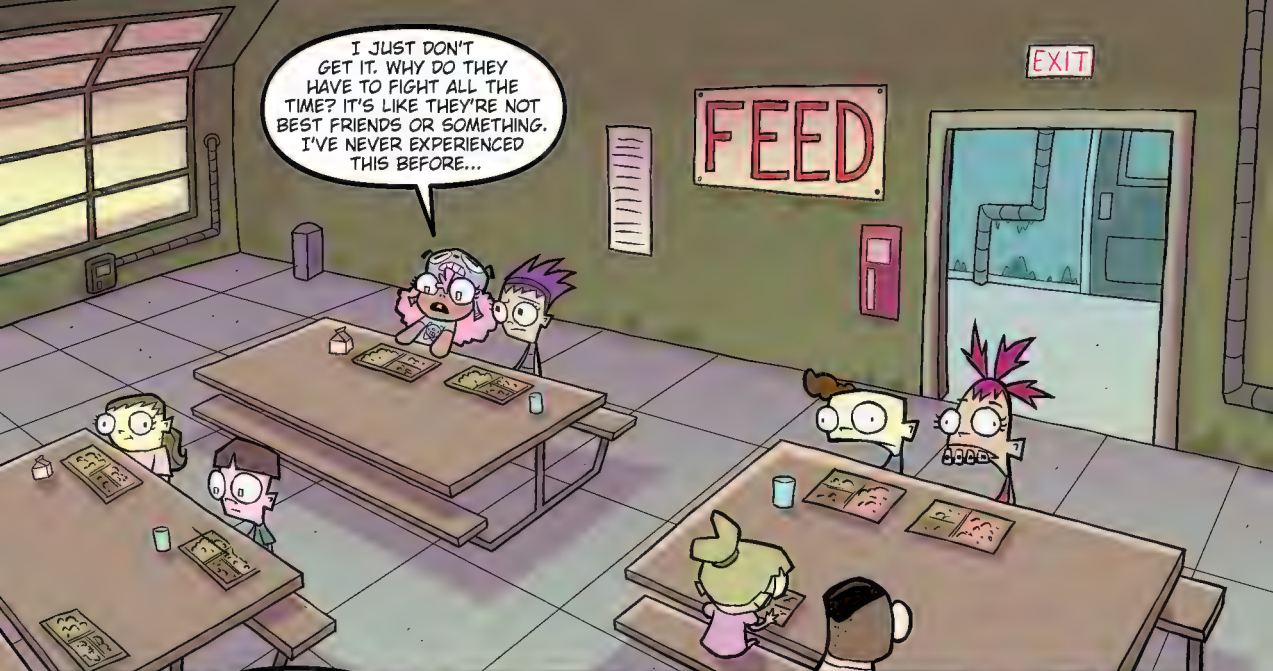
AS FOR YOU,  
DIB, THERE'S MORE  
BRAINS WHERE THAT  
CAME FROM!

YEAH,  
I CAN  
SEE.





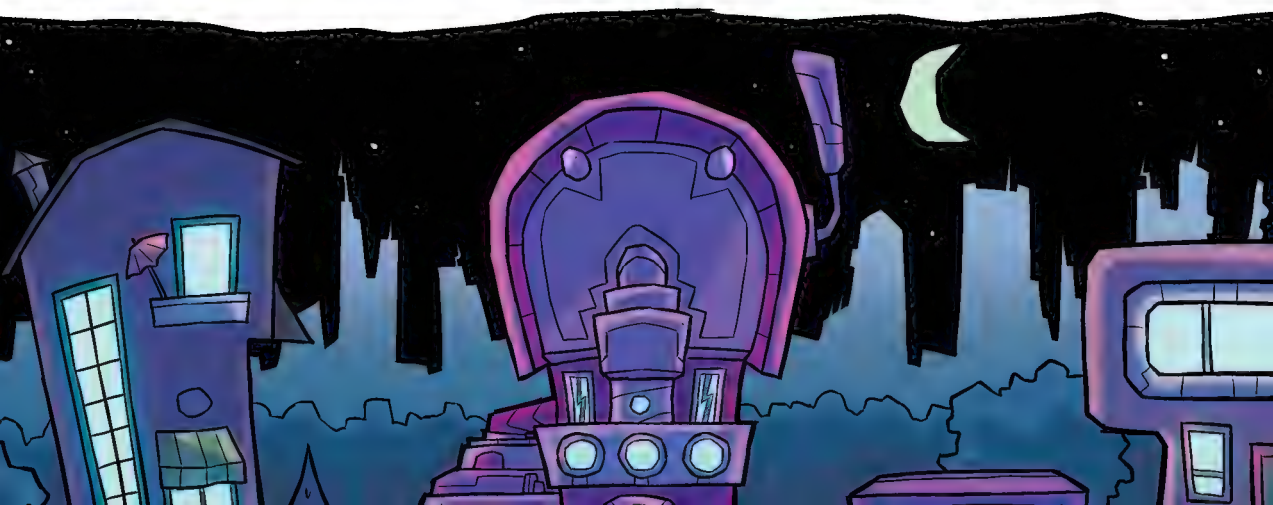
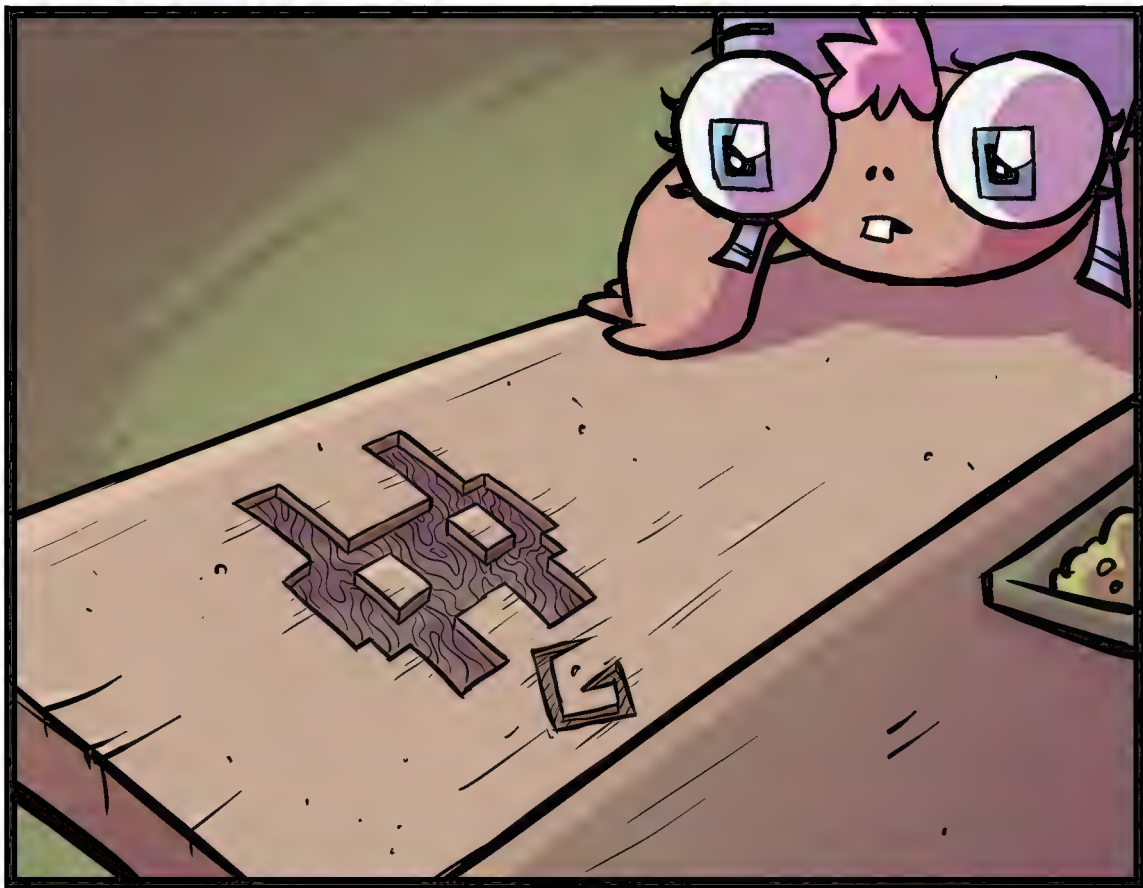




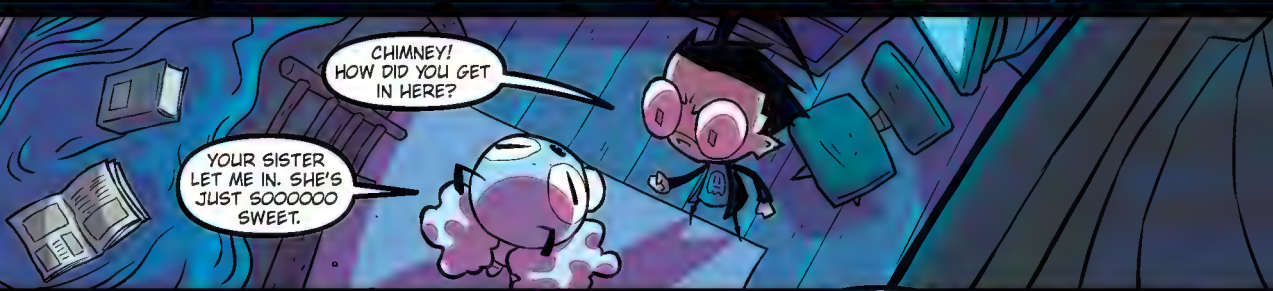




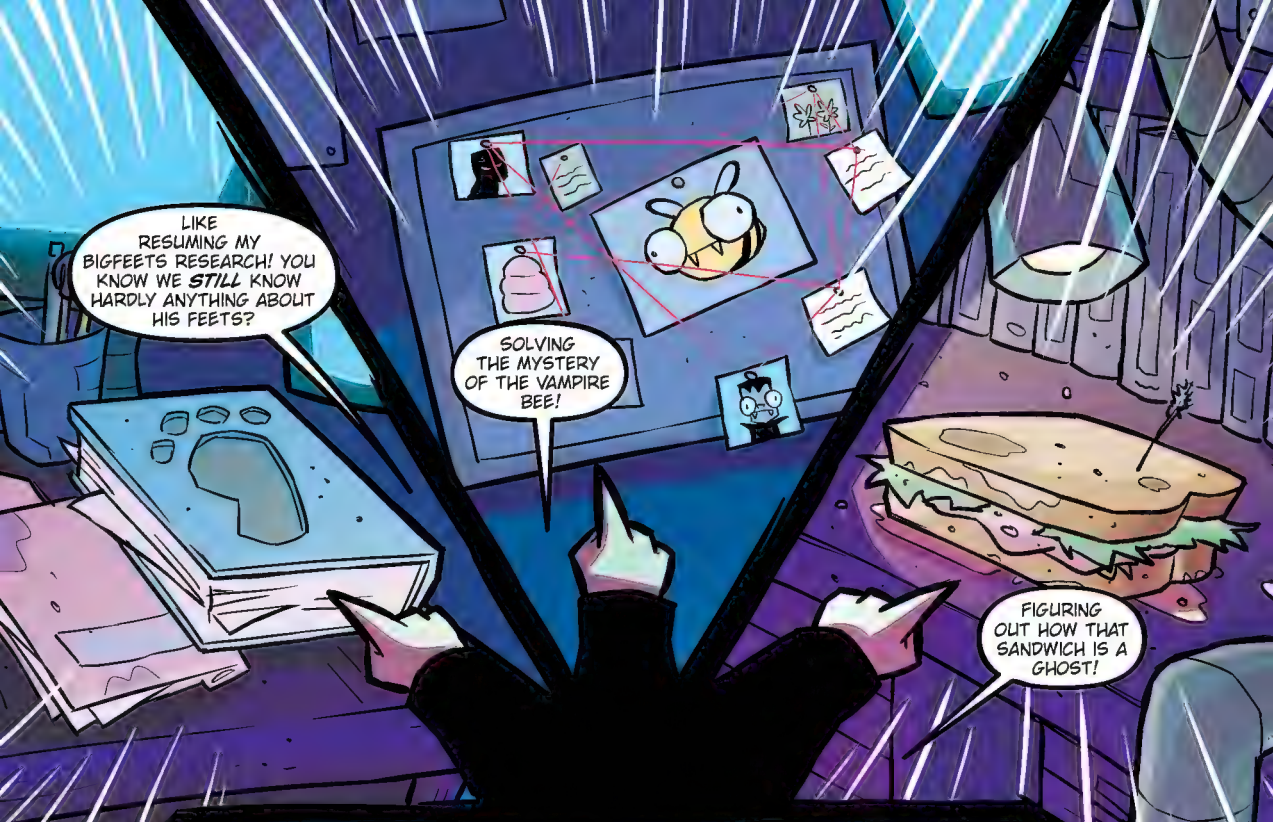












LIKE  
RESUMING MY  
BIGFEETS RESEARCH! YOU  
KNOW WE *STILL* KNOW  
HARDLY ANYTHING ABOUT  
HIS FEETS?

SOLVING  
THE MYSTERY  
OF THE VAMPIRE  
BEE!

FIGURING  
OUT HOW THAT  
SANDWICH IS A  
GHOST!



AWWWW,  
THAT ALL SOUNDS  
FUN.

BUT I CAN'T  
DO *ANY* OF THAT  
BECAUSE I'M SPENDING  
ALL MY TIME BEING THE  
ONLY PERSON DEFENDING  
THE EARTH FROM  
ZIM!

FROM ZIM  
DOING WHAT? PUTTING  
A BIG CIRCLE ON A  
ROOF?



WHAT?!  
OH, THAT'S DEFINITELY  
SOME KIND OF EVIL ALIEN  
STARGATE OR SOMETHING.  
I'VE GOTTA GO!

DON'T  
FOLLOW  
ME!









GIR,  
STOP HITTING THE  
STARGATE WITH THAT  
HAMMER. YOU'LL UNDO  
ALL OF MINIMOOSE'S  
HARD WORK!

NYA!

SOWWEEE. I  
JUST GET SOOOO  
ANGRY.

YEAH YOU  
DO. I DON'T LIKE  
WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU  
WHEN YOU EAT SO MANY  
HUMAN BRAINS. I'M  
CUTTING YOU OFF.

NOT IF I  
HAVE ANYTHING  
TO SAY ABOUT IT,  
ZIM!

YOU DON'T  
WANT ME TO CUT  
GIR OFF? SERIOUSLY,  
HE'S EATING A LOT  
OF BRAINS.

OH, NO,  
I THOUGHT YOU  
SAID SOMETHING  
ELSE, BUT,  
UH...

YOUR EVIL  
PLAN ENDS  
HERE, ENEMY  
OF EARTH!

YOU'RE TOO  
LATE, DIB! THAT  
GIANT HEAD OF YOURS  
ALWAYS SLOWS  
YOU DOWN!



I'VE  
MEASURED MY  
HEAD, ZIM. IT'S  
NOT REALLY ANY  
DIFFERENT  
FROM—

NO MATTER!  
I HAVE AN ARMY OF  
BRAINDONS POISED AND  
READY TO MARCH ALL  
OVER THIS PLANET.

BUT YOU  
HAD ONE BRAIN  
MONSTER AND IT  
RAN AWAY WITH  
MY ROBOT.

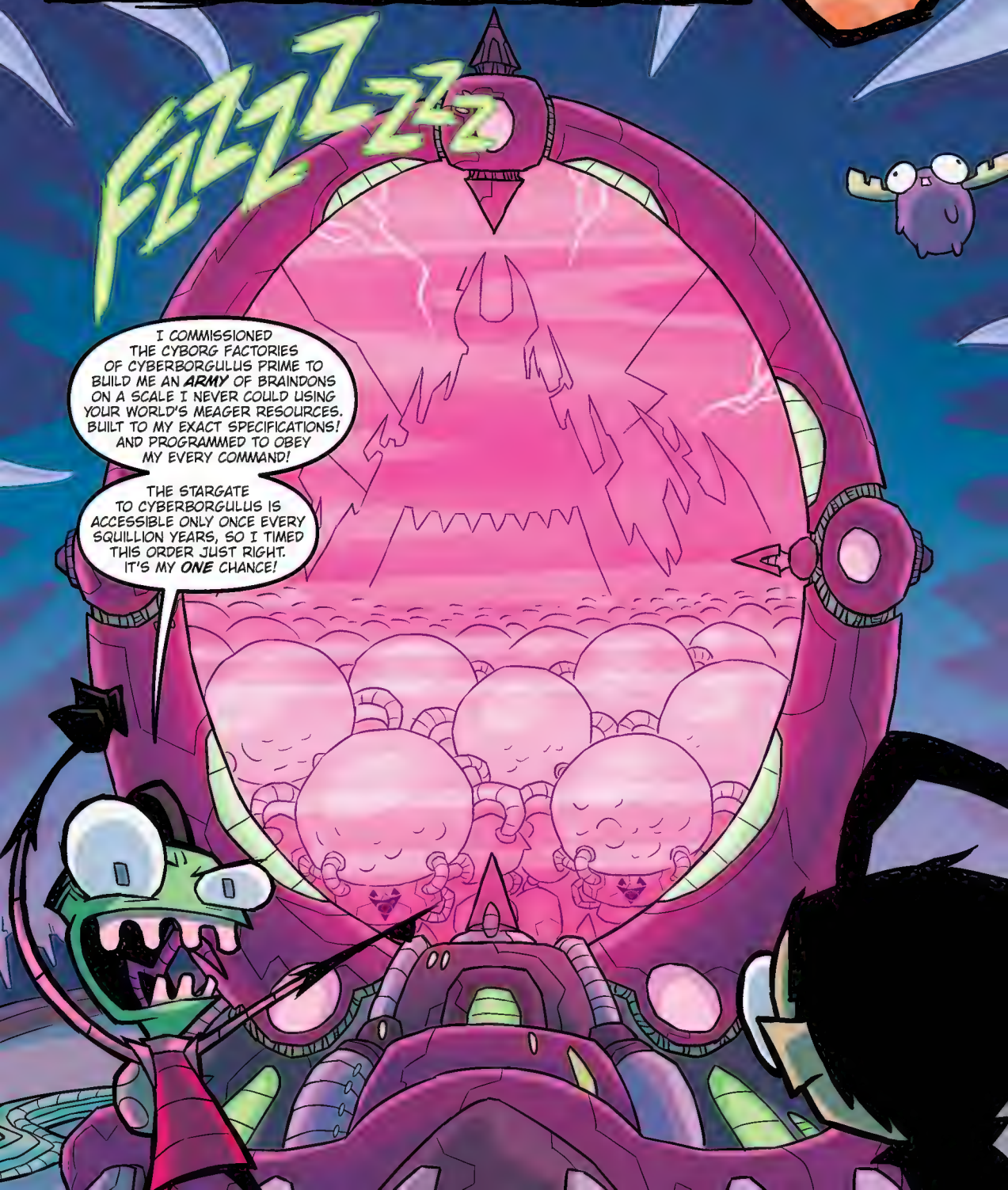
YOU KNOW  
THEY TEXTED ME?  
THEY HAVE A DOG  
NOW. ANYHOW—



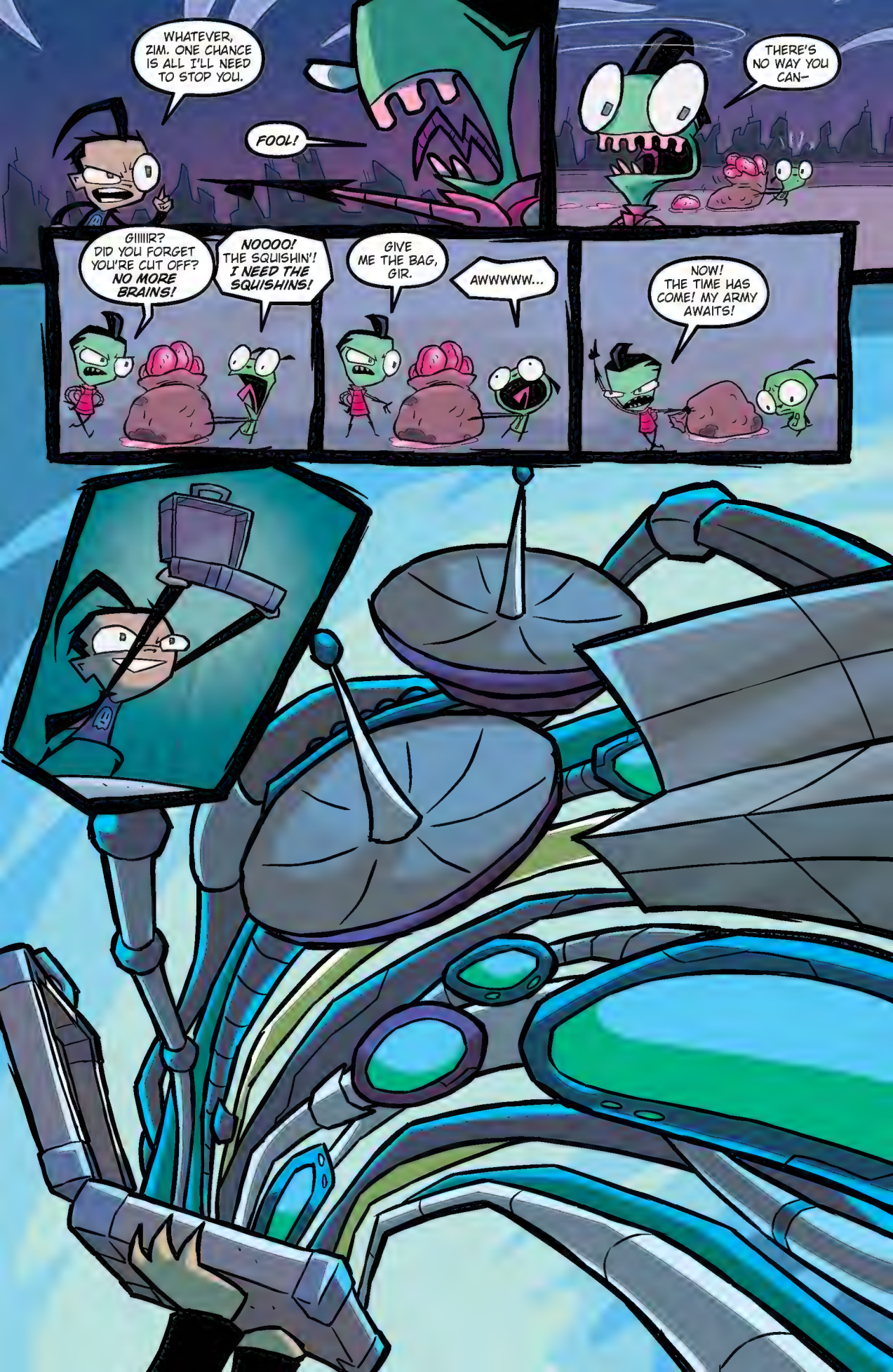
**FZZZZZZ**

I COMMISSIONED  
THE CYBORG FACTORIES  
OF CYBERBORGULUS PRIME TO  
BUILD ME AN **ARMY** OF BRAINDONS  
ON A SCALE I NEVER COULD USING  
YOUR WORLD'S MEAGER RESOURCES.  
BUILT TO MY EXACT SPECIFICATIONS!  
AND PROGRAMMED TO OBEY  
MY EVERY COMMAND!

THE STARGATE  
TO CYBERBORGULUS IS  
ACCESSIBLE ONLY ONCE EVERY  
SQUILLION YEARS, SO I TIMED  
THIS ORDER JUST RIGHT.  
IT'S MY **ONE** CHANCE!







WHATEVER,  
ZIM. ONE CHANCE  
IS ALL I'LL NEED  
TO STOP YOU.

FOOL!

THERE'S  
NO WAY YOU  
CAN—

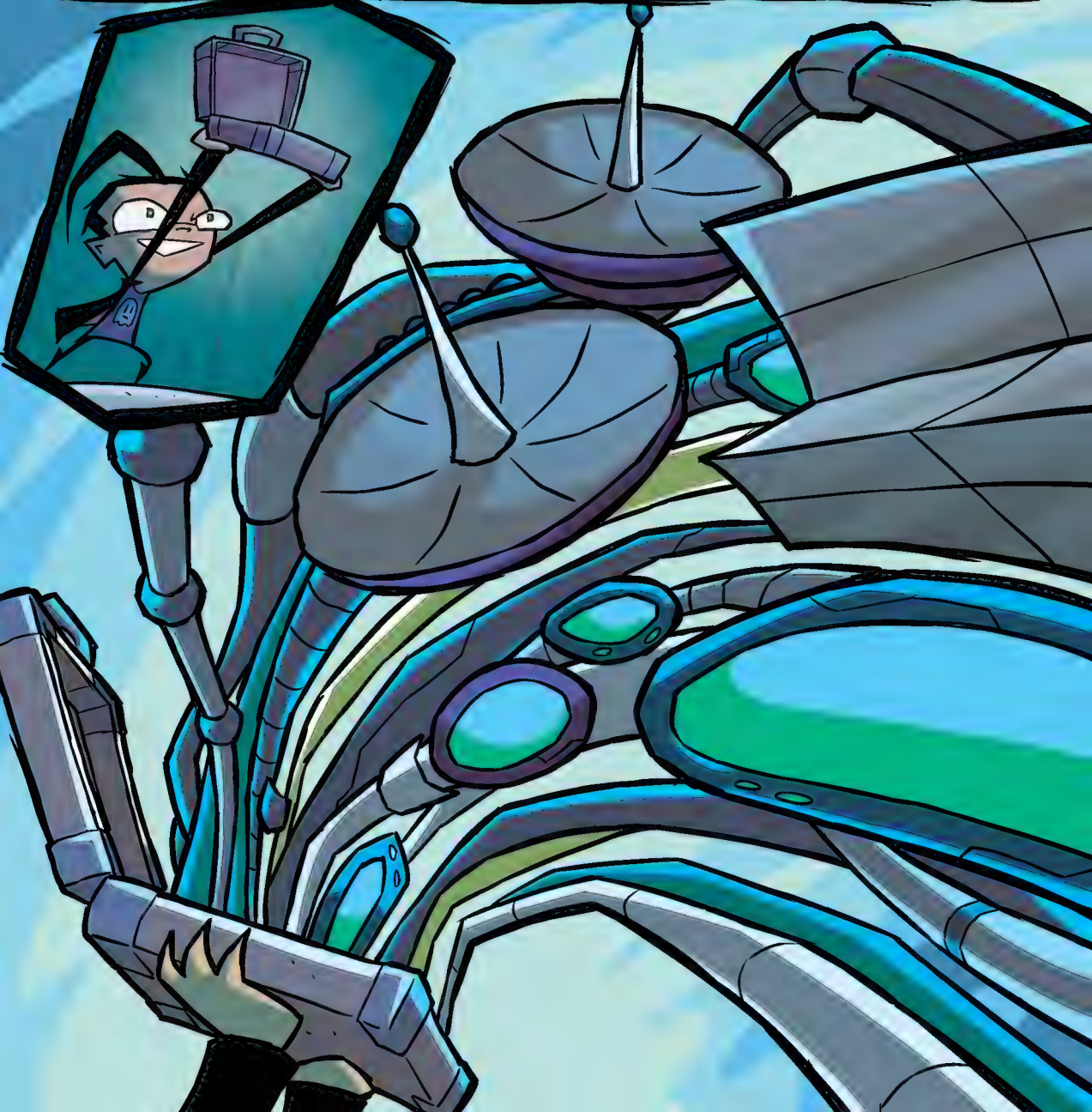
GHIIIR?  
DID YOU FORGET  
YOU'RE CUT OFF?  
NO MORE  
BRAINS!

NOOOO!  
THE SQUISHIN'!  
I NEED THE  
SQUISHINS!

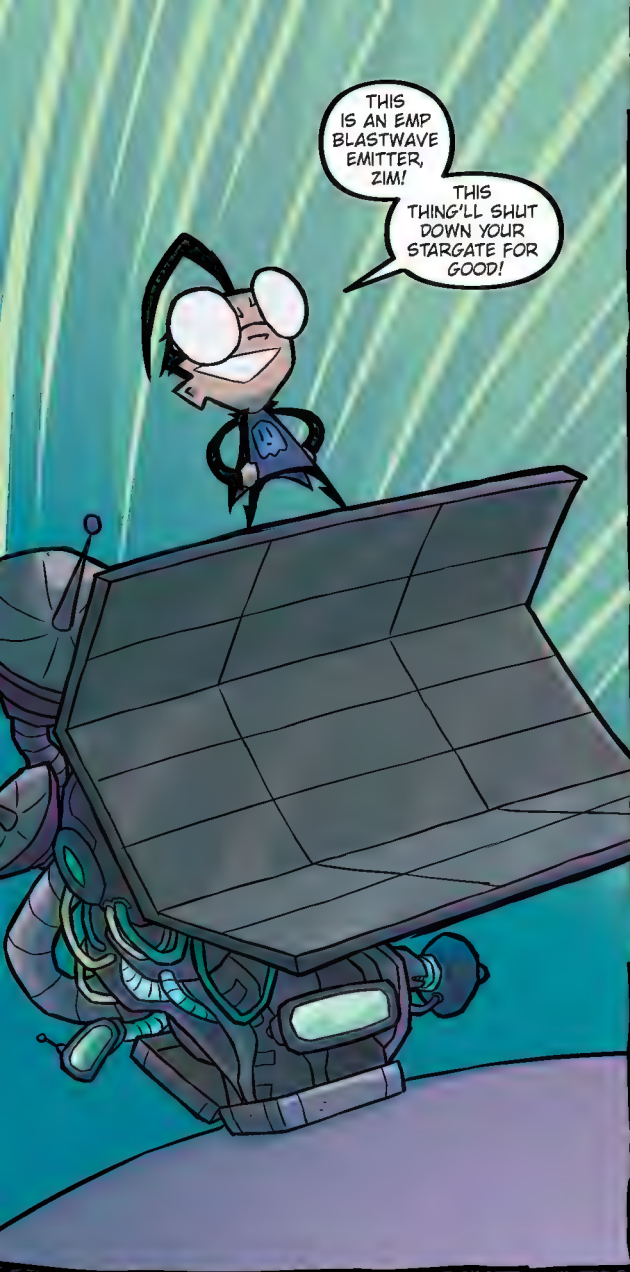
GIVE  
ME THE BAG,  
GIR.

AWWWWWW...

NOW!  
THE TIME HAS  
COME! MY ARMY  
AWAITS!







THIS IS AN EMP BLASTWAVE EMITTER, ZIM!

THIS THING'LL SHUT DOWN YOUR STARGATE FOR GOOD!



YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THROUGH ZIM, FIRST.

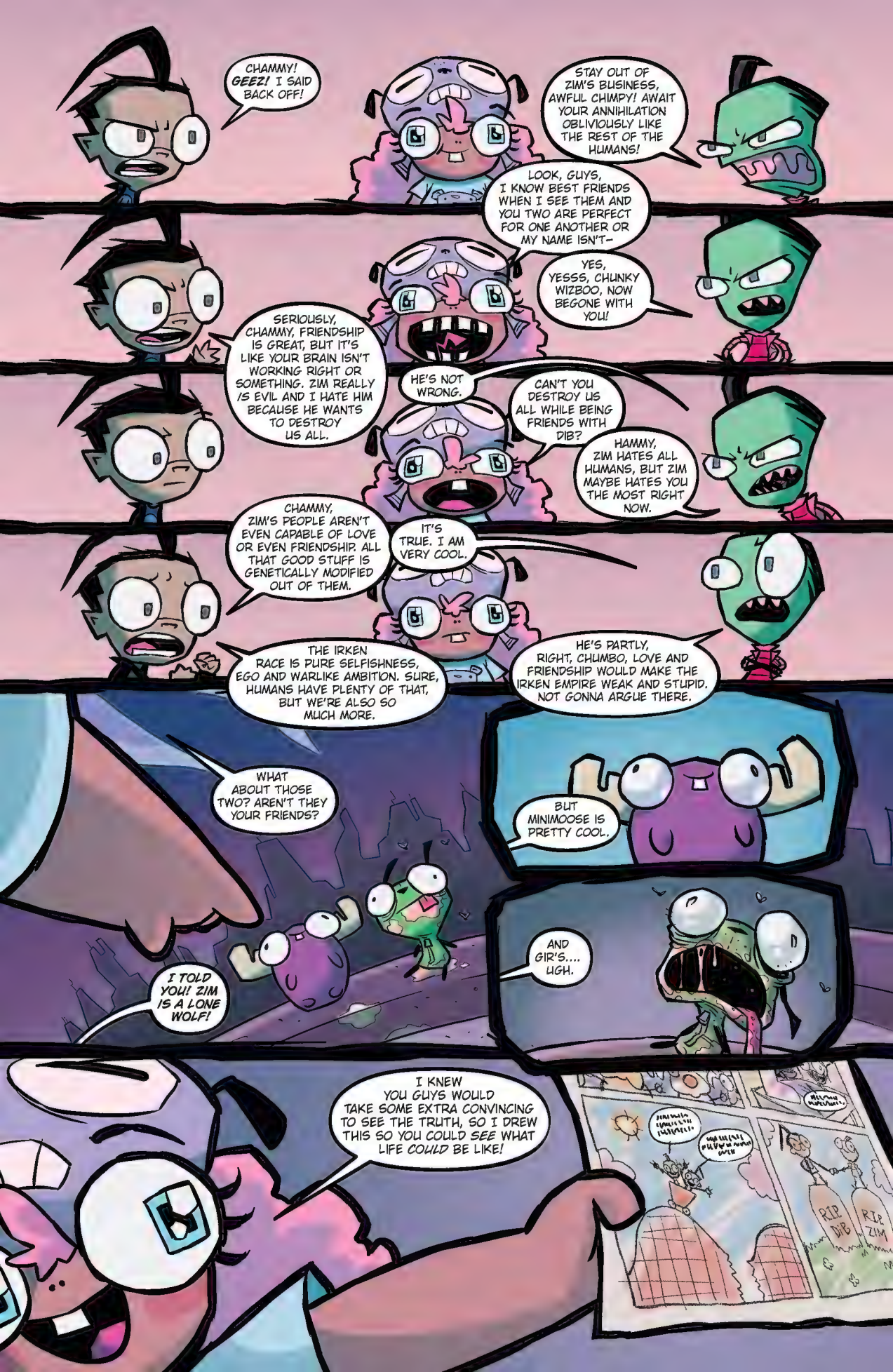


OR YOU CAN JUST HUG AND BE FRIENDS!

OH COME ON!!!

REALLY??!!





CHAMMY!  
GEEZ! I SAID  
BACK OFF!

STAY OUT OF  
ZIM'S BUSINESS,  
AWFUL CHIMPY! AWAIT  
YOUR ANNIHILATION  
OBLIVIOUSLY LIKE  
THE REST OF THE  
HUMANS!

LOOK, GUYS,  
I KNOW BEST FRIENDS  
WHEN I SEE THEM AND  
YOU TWO ARE PERFECT  
FOR ONE ANOTHER OR  
MY NAME ISN'T--

YES,  
YESSS, CHUNKY  
WIZBOO, NOW  
BEGONE WITH  
YOU!

SERIOUSLY,  
CHAMMY, FRIENDSHIP  
IS GREAT, BUT IT'S  
LIKE YOUR BRAIN ISN'T  
WORKING RIGHT OR  
SOMETHING. ZIM REALLY  
IS EVIL AND I HATE HIM  
BECAUSE HE WANTS  
TO DESTROY  
US ALL.

HE'S NOT  
WRONG.

CAN'T YOU  
DESTROY US  
ALL WHILE BEING  
FRIENDS WITH  
DIE?

HAMMY,  
ZIM HATES ALL  
HUMANS, BUT ZIM  
MAYBE HATES YOU  
THE MOST RIGHT  
NOW.

CHAMMY,  
ZIM'S PEOPLE AREN'T  
EVEN CAPABLE OF LOVE  
OR EVEN FRIENDSHIP. ALL  
THAT GOOD STUFF IS  
GENETICALLY MODIFIED  
OUT OF THEM.

IT'S  
TRUE. I AM  
VERY COOL.

THE IRKEN  
RACE IS PURE SELFISHNESS,  
EGO AND WARLIKE AMBITION. SURE,  
HUMANS HAVE PLENTY OF THAT,  
BUT WE'RE ALSO SO  
MUCH MORE.

HE'S PARTLY,  
RIGHT, CHUMBO, LOVE AND  
FRIENDSHIP WOULD MAKE THE  
IRKEN EMPIRE WEAK AND STUPID.  
NOT GONNA ARGUE THERE.

WHAT  
ABOUT THOSE  
TWO? AREN'T THEY  
YOUR FRIENDS?

BUT  
MINIMOUSE IS  
PRETTY COOL.

I TOLD  
YOU! ZIM  
IS A LONE  
WOLF!

AND GIR'S...  
UGH.

I KNEW  
YOU GUYS WOULD  
TAKE SOME EXTRA CONVINCING  
TO SEE THE TRUTH, SO I DREW  
THIS SO YOU COULD SEE WHAT  
LIFE COULD BE LIKE!





What do you want to do today, Dib, my best friend?

I don't care, so long as we are being friendly!

Now we're on a rollercoaster!

Wheeeee!

Hangin' with puppies and my best friend!

This is the best day of my life!

Thanks for being with me during this hard time.

I'm always here for you, buddy.

We love rollercoasters so much! Hey, I think the track is broken!

That's fine, so long as we are together! That's how friendship is!

R.I.P. DiB

R.I.P. ZIM

THE END





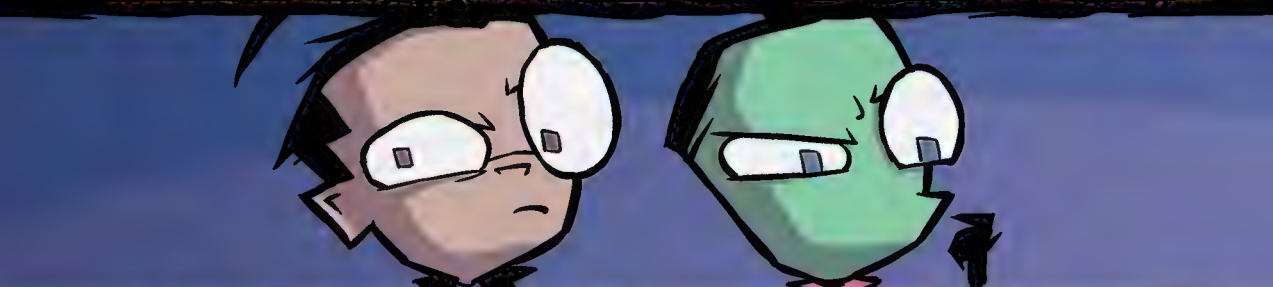
MAN,  
CHAMMY, THAT  
GOT WEIRDLY DARK  
AT THE END.

THIS  
HUMAN IS  
INSANE.

GONNA  
HAVE TO  
AGREE WITH  
YOU THERE.

**INSANE FOR  
FRIENDSHIP!**

NOW BE  
FRIENDS ALREADY  
OR YOU'RE GONNA BE  
SEEING ME NONSTOP  
UNTIL I WIN!



I  
GUESS  
WE...

IF WE  
MUST...

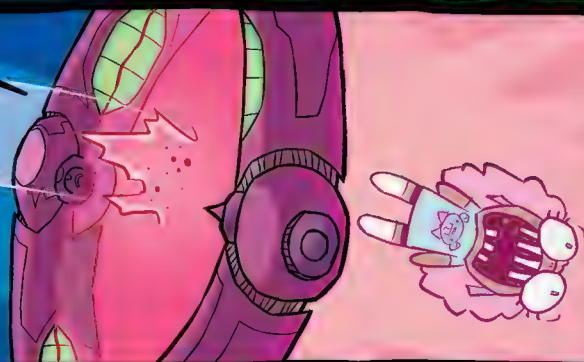


TAKE  
THIS!

WHOOAAAAHHH!  
AWWWW,  
WHY DOES SHE  
GET BRAINS?



AAAAAAGH!!

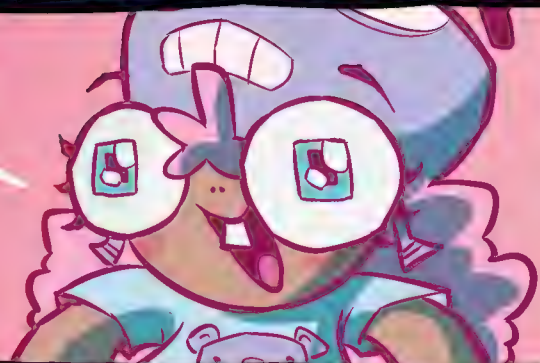


NOW, DIB!  
USE YOUR EMP  
BLASTER TO CLOSE  
THE PORTAL!

YEAHH!



AWWW,  
LOOKIT YOU TWO  
WORKING TOGETHER LIKE  
BEST FRIENDS TO SEND  
ME TO A MONSTER-FILLED  
NIGHTMARE IN ANOTHER  
DIMENSION!



TRY TWO  
ENEMIES WHO  
BOTH CAN'T  
STAND YOU!

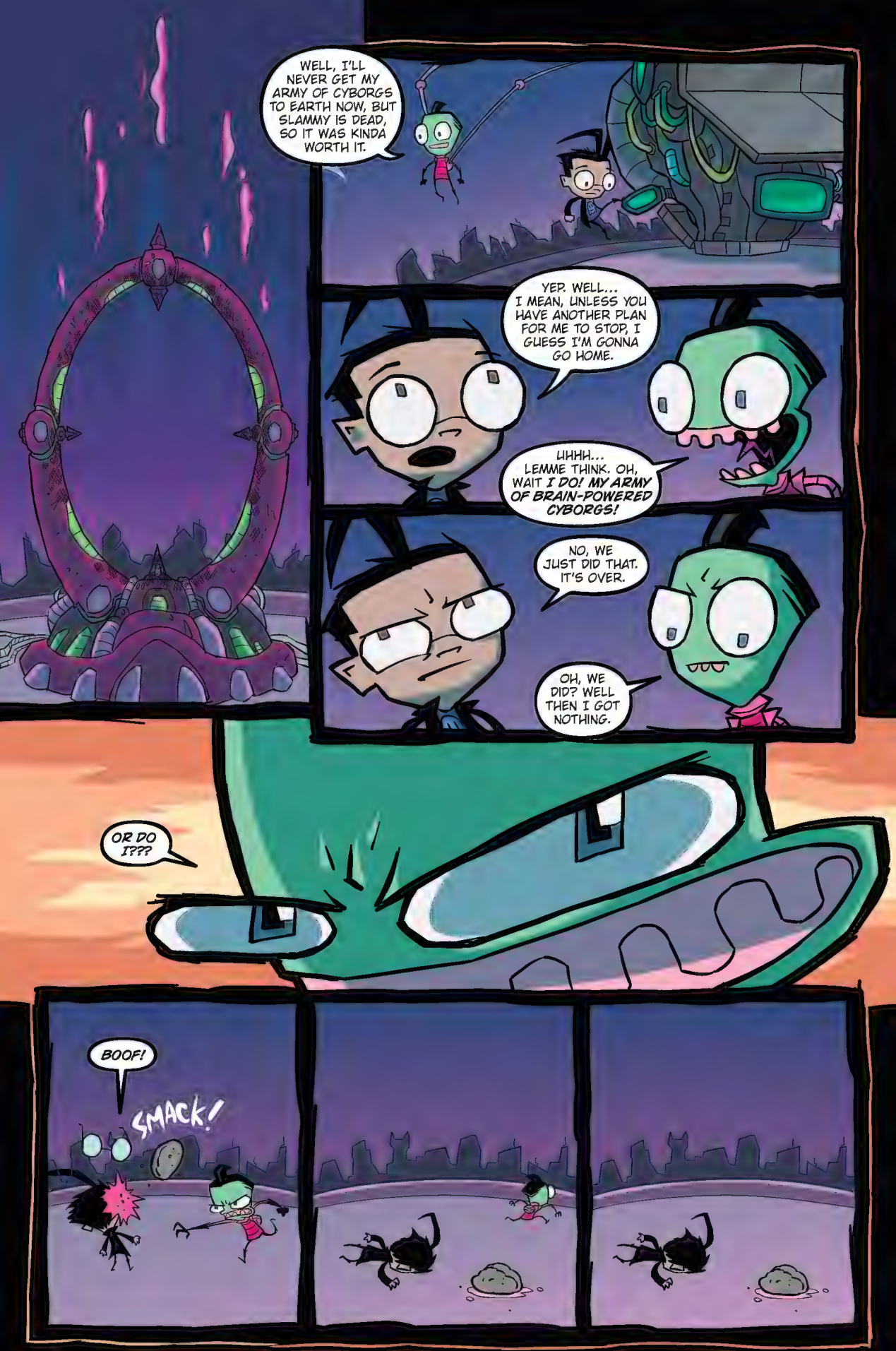


FLZLAP!

Noooooooooooo











HEY GUYS,  
WE'RE ALL GONNA  
BE **BEST FRIENDS**  
OR MY NAME'S  
NOT **CHAMMY**  
**WAMBOO!**



END.



# INVADER ZIM

TM

CREATORS







## JHONEN VASQUEZ

Jhonen Vasquez is a writer and artist who walks in many worlds, not unlike Blade, only without having to drink blood-serum to survive the curse that is also his greatest power (still talking about Blade here). He's worked in comics and animation and is the creator of *Invader ZIM*, a fact that haunts him to this day.

@JhonenV

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## SAM LOGAN

Sam Logan is best known as the creator of *Sam and Fuzzy*, a massive comedy adventure series that he has been writing and illustrating for over 15 years. He's also either partly or completely responsible for *President Dog*, *Skull Panda*, *The Underground RPG*, and a lot of unrelated problems. He lives in Vancouver, BC with his two dogs. (They're very good boys.)

@samandfuzzy

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## ERIC TRUEHEART

Eric Trueheart was one of the original writers on the *Invader ZIM* television series back when there was a thing called "television." Since then, he's made a living writing moderately-inappropriate things for people who make entertainment for children, including Dreamworks Animation, Cartoon Network, Disney TV, PBS, Hasbro, and others. Upon reading this list, he now thinks he maybe should have become a dentist, and he hates teeth.

@erictrueheart

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## MADDIE C.

MADDIE C. lives in Richmond, Virginia, collects vinyl (but doesn't have a record player), and is prepared for the day the yoyo comes back in style.

@verticaldraws







## WARREN WUCINICH

Warren Wucinich is an illustrator, colorist, and part-time carny currently living in Durham, NC. When not making comics he can usually be found watching old *Twilight Zone* episodes and eating large amounts of pie.

@warrenwucinich

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## FRED C. STRESING

Fred C. Stresing is a colorist, artist, writer, and letterer for a variety of comics. You may recognize his work from *Invader ZIM*, the comic you are holding. He has been making comics his whole life, from the age of six. He has gotten much better since then. He currently resides in Savannah, Georgia with his wife and two cats. He doesn't know how the cats got there, they are not his.

@FredCStresing

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## MEG CASEY

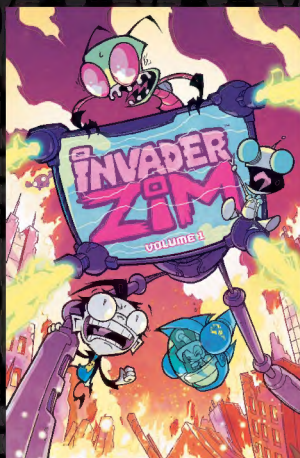
Meg Casey currently resides just outside of Savannah, GA with her husband and two cats. She never fulfilled her childhood dream of becoming an accountant, and has sadly settled for being a comic artist instead.

@spookymeaghan





# MORE BOOKS FROM ONI PRESS...



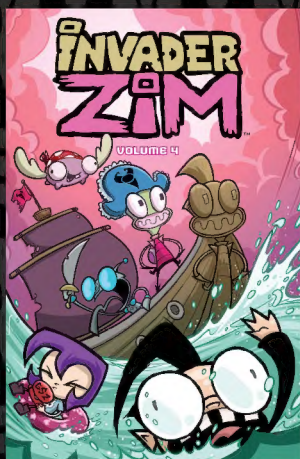
**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 1**  
Collects issues 1-5!



**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 2**  
Collects issues 6-10!



**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 3**  
Collects issues 11-15!



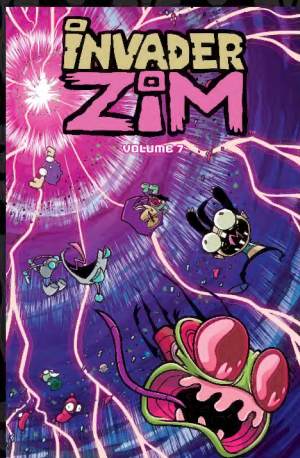
**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 4**  
Collects issues 16-20!



**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 5**  
Collects issues 21-25!



**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 6**  
Collects issues 26-30!



**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 7**  
Collects issues 31-35!



**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 8**  
Collects issues 36-40!



**INVADER ZIM, VOLUME 9**  
Collects issues 41-45!



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# INVADER ZIM

**VOLUME 10**

**PREPARE YOUR HUMAN EYE SPHERES** for a world unlike anything ZIM and Dib (and GIR, I guess) have ever experienced — a planet populated entirely by **OTHER ZIMS!** As in, ZIMs from alternate timelines! ZIMs to your heart's content! Can Dib join the resistance (of ZIMS) and take down the planet's ruler (another ZIM), thus saving every universe (from ZIMS)? And we also **FINALLY** answer which is worse: a planet full of ZIMs, or one new kid named **CHAMMY WAMBOO** who desperately wants ZIM and Dib to be **BEEEEEST FRIEEEEENDS?** Did we mention the explosions?



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